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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

MARCH 14, 1903 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

The CONNEMARA MARE

By E. Œ. SOMERVILLE AND MARTIN ROSS

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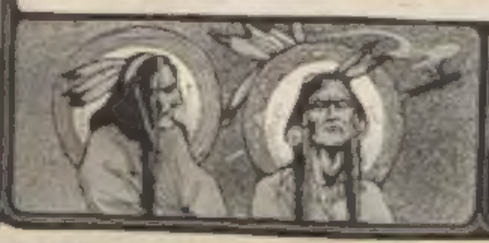

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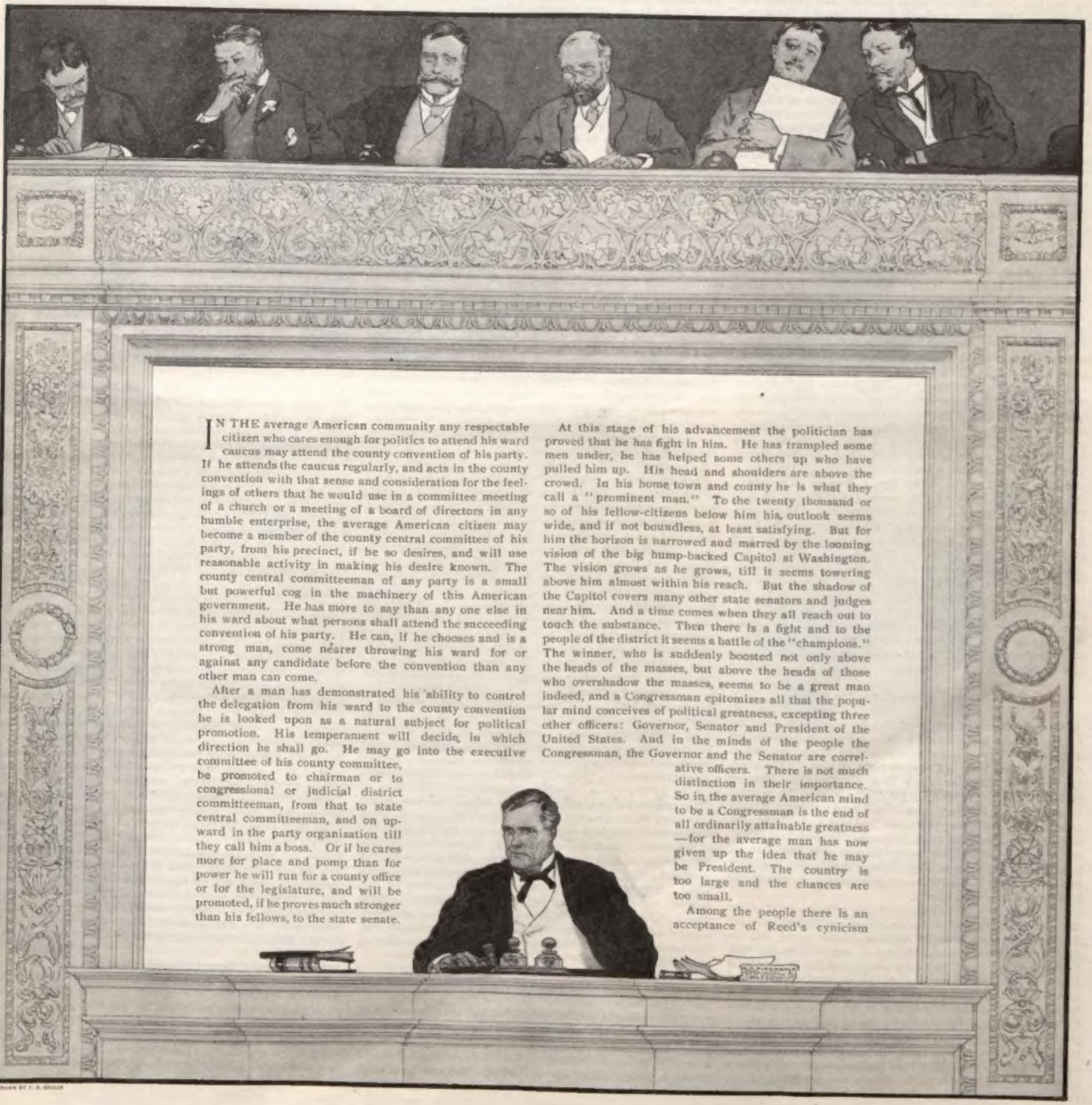
THE POLITICIANS

Our "Hired Men" at Washington—By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE



IN THE average American community any respectable citizen who cares enough for politics to attend his ward caucus may attend the county convention of his party. If he attends the caucus regularly, and acts in the county convention with that sense and consideration for the feelings of others that he would use in a committee meeting of a church or a meeting of a board of directors in any humble enterprise, the average American citizen may become a member of the county central committee of his party, from his precinct, if he so desires, and will use reasonable activity in making his desire known. The county central committeeman of any party is a small but powerful cog in the machinery of this American government. He has more to say than any one else in his ward about what persons shall attend the succeeding convention of his party. He can, if he chooses and is a strong man, come nearer throwing his ward for or against any candidate before the convention than any other man can come.

After a man has demonstrated his ability to control the delegation from his ward to the county convention he is looked upon as a natural subject for political promotion. His temperament will decide in which direction he shall go. He may go into the executive committee of his county committee, be promoted to chairman or to congressional or judicial district committeeman, from that to state central committeeman, and on upward in the party organization till they call him a boss. Or if he cares more for place and pomp than for power he will run for a county office or for the legislature, and will be promoted, if he proves much stronger than his fellows, to the state senate.

At this stage of his advancement the politician has proved that he has fight in him. He has trampled some men under, he has helped some others up who have pulled him up. His head and shoulders are above the crowd. In his home town and county he is what they call a "prominent man." To the twenty thousand or so of his fellow-citizens below him his outlook seems wide, and if not boundless, at least satisfying. But for him the horizon is narrowed and marred by the looming vision of the big hump-backed Capitol at Washington. The vision grows as he grows, till it seems towering above him almost within his reach. But the shadow of the Capitol covers many other state senators and judges near him. And a time comes when they all reach out to touch the substance. Then there is a fight and to the people of the district it seems a battle of the "champions." The winner, who is suddenly boosted not only above the heads of the masses, but above the heads of those who overshadow the masses, seems to be a great man indeed, and a Congressman epitomizes all that the popular mind conceives of political greatness, excepting three other officers: Governor, Senator and President of the United States. And in the minds of the people the Congressman, the Governor and the Senator are correlative officers. There is not much distinction in their importance. So in the average American mind to be a Congressman is the end of all ordinarily attainable greatness—for the average man has now given up the idea that he may be President. The country is too large and the chances are too small.

Among the people there is an acceptance of Reed's cynicism

that the United States Senate is a place where politicians go when they are dead. The people do not know that to all intents and purposes the Constitution of the United States was amended by the Reed rules, and that to be a member of the House in Washington is altogether a different thing from being a member of Congress at home. The House of Representatives of the American Congress has become a large advisory committee to the Senate. The House suggests possible laws; the Senate passes them; the House is the hopper; the Senate is the mill that makes the grist.

The new Congressman upon arriving at Washington takes a header into oblivion. No matter how much fame he may have at home, no matter what may be his achievements in other than political work, no matter how much or how little money he may have, and no matter what may be his family, the new Congressman in Washington is unknown. Department clerks drawing a hundred dollars a month sniff at the new millionaire member of the House of Representatives, and refer to him as "a little old dinky Congressman." His wife, who may be a Van Rensselear, a Pierpont or a Jones, has to make the first call on the wives of other members and the wives of Senators and the wives of members of the Cabinet before the family can have the slightest official recognition! The new Congressman can't second a motion or move to adjourn without getting some one's consent; his bills are buried, and his resolutions come to naught. He is the parasite on the flea on the end of the hair of the tip of the tail of the dog of the boy of the wife of the Wild Man of Borneo! It is barely possible that he may agitate the flea, and ruffle the hair, and wag the tail, and animate the dog, and attract the boy, and startle the mother, and move the old man and get something done, but it is highly improbable. The Congressman is at the bottom of the ladder; and the only way he can climb up is by hard, well-directed work. The great danger threatening the new member is that he may spend his time looking for some other kind of work than that which lies before him. There are sixty-two committees in the organization of the House. About twenty of them are important committees. They are the Committees on Ways and Means, Appropriations, Judiciary, Banking and Currency, Interstate and Foreign Commerce, River and Harbors, Merchant Marine and Fisheries, Agriculture, Foreign Affairs, Military Affairs, Naval Affairs, Post-Office and Post-Roads, Indian Affairs, Insular Affairs, Public Buildings and Grounds, Pensions, District of Columbia, Rules, Public Lands and Territories. Of course a new member is not put on any of these committees—except in rare cases. If he lands on the Committee on Elections or on Ventilation and Acoustics he is doing well. And because his committee is unimportant the new member is tempted to shirk his work. If he yields to temptation he joins the great majority—members who come back to Washington year after year and never get any place in the organization of the House. For work even in humble places is recognized, and a worker moves up. There are not over two dozen effective workers in the House, and they run it. These two dozen men are Henderson, Cannon, Payne, Dalzell, Grosvenor, Littlefield, Babcock, Hepburn, Richardson, John S. Williams, DeArmond, Sherman, Hitt, Hull, Burton of Ohio, Tawney, Jenkins, McCall, Foss, Grow, Cooper, Hemenway, Overstreet and Underwood. Long, Loud and Hopkins might be included in this list, but they leave the House with this session. Clarke, Cushman, Landis, Curtis, Lacey, Littauer, Dick and half a dozen other especially active members may move into the first rank next year. These House leaders form an autocracy. They are the House of Representatives. The other members seem to be merely a Greek chorus, coming on the stage at times, chanting the praises or bewailing the iniquities of the real actors in the drama.

How One Congressman Got to the Surface

AND even though a man may work he cannot expect to get more than his nose above the waters of oblivion by his third term. Payne, the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, has been in Congress eighteen years. The average reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST hadn't heard of Mr. Payne four years ago; yet Payne was on his seventh term then, and he has always been a hard worker. He had considerable power four years ago, and was a man to be consulted; but there is a wide difference between power and fame. Indeed, though a dozen or so men have much power, less than a dozen have much fame. For the kind of effort that wins power in the House of Representatives is not the kind that makes men famous.

Take the case of Congressman Long, who came out of the West in '94. He landed on the Elections Committee. He went over the evidence in election contest cases, and the chairman of the committee found him a reliable young man to lean upon. Long stayed up nights with trivial details of his work. When he made a report as member of a subcommittee on a branch of a case the members of the committee found that he had the right of the matter. They put him on the Ways and Means Committee—the most important one in the House—in his second term. He gorged himself with statistics and became fat with facts—the most uninteresting facts, that could by no possibility have anything to do with brilliant oratory; he helped the more experienced members of the committee to form their judgments by furnishing them with facts. At the end of his second term they gave him a chance to make a speech on the Porto Rican tariff; it was not a speech that will ever appear in the school readers. When it was printed it looked like a State Auditor's report; it was bristly with statistics. But the members of Congress said it was the best presentation of the Republican position on the Porto Rican tariff that the session brought out; and the Republican National Committee used the speech as its textbook on the subject. The next term the young man devoted himself to Cuban reciprocity. General Wood, who was Governor-General of Cuba at the time when Long was studying the Cuban tariff, said in a public speech recently that Long's requests for information kept coming from the War Department to Cuba until his name used to make the Cuban clerks groan. They knew it meant work for them. But Long mastered his subject, and when the Ways and Means Committee began to work on the subject of Cuban reciprocity they turned naturally to Long for information. On that branch of legislation he became one of the leaders of the House. And last month his State promoted him to the Senate. The case of Long is used because it is typical of successful work in the House of Representatives. The reader can see that rhetorical eloquence had nothing to do with it. Nothing but hard digging—the thing that students call "boning"—wins in the House. The district that sends an orator to the House might as well send a basswood man. A modern Robert Ingersoll, if he depended on his oratorical powers, would be unknown in the House to-day. Debate has ceased virtually in the National House of Representatives. It has become a laboratory and not a forum. A deaf and dumb leader of the House is much more probable now than "an orator as Brutus is."

The Beauties of the Cloture Rule

AND this brings us fairly to the core of the case, which is the cloture rule. The cloture rule simplified is this: That the time devoted to debate upon any subject may be governed by a majority of the members of the House. The individual member may not talk to his heart's content. By surrendering this right to the floor the individual member gives to the majority of the House—which is, of course, the majority party, and it in turn is governed by the small group of its caucus leaders—the right to say what bills shall be discussed, and who shall discuss those bills, and how long each member shall talk. When four hundred members divest themselves of this power, each putting his quota of power into the hands of the leaders of his party caucus, an irresistible force in directing legislation passes into the hands of these caucus leaders. And, by the same token, the individual member, who does not happen to regain any of his surrendered power by reason of his place in the organization of the House, is as powerless as a page, so far as legislation goes. He can't talk, and he can't make signs, and about all he can do is to feel the iron props of official dignity gouging the back of his head, while he sits around looking pleasant, waiting for the operator to squeeze the bulb and get the ordeal over. Scores and scores of members come to Washington term after term and never make even a bubble on the surface of the utter oblivion that engulfs them. The cloture is at their throats and they do not know how to throw it off. If the impotent member belongs to the minority party it would seem as though he might as well go home. For not only are his vote and his voice useless, but he cannot in the nature of things be remembered when the House distributes its prize packages. These gifts—garden seeds, public documents, river and harbor appropriations, monuments to great men who are dead, and public buildings—are the inconsequential members' last gasping protest against obscurity. When a member can get a river and harbor appropriation or a public building or a monument for his constituents, and supply the libraries of the towns with a few hundred pounds of the uncensored and often grotesquely incorrect publications of the Government printing office, the member feels that his constituents cannot prove—whatever they may say—that he is absolutely useless. It is curious to note that with the rising standard of living, garden seeds, which were the life-preservers of many a Congressman in the eighties, are now considered insufficient to support the Congressional corporosity! So the garden-seed statesman is going out with the undertow of the incoming tide of prosperity. And, sad as it may seem to those who deplore the passing of that patriotism ever tangibly in evidence for drill and guard-mount, the garden-seed statesman is not going alone. A military escort is with him in the person of that peppery statesman who advertised himself noisily as "the friend of the old soldier." The old soldier has as many sincere friends in the House to-day as ever, but it has become fashionable to do rather more and talk less: because talk on any subject is under the ban.

The Best Brand of Moral Fibre

THE throttling of the individual has had the effect of giving the House a kind of mechanical moral uplift. The majority of the members of the House are honest whether they care to be or not, for actual votes on any measure before the House are rarely marketable quantities. Men seeking to influence House legislation now do their work in the committees. And the committees, which represent the average sense of honesty of the party in power, are for the most part honest. For it is impossible to assemble ten Americans from ten callings of life and not find seven of them honest. So in the House of Representatives, where the selection of members has been after a sifting process from the ward, through the county, and in the district, the membership is of a rather higher standard of honesty than would be found in any other American gathering of its size, not excepting a church synod or scientific society. For the honesty that one acquires in practical life, by finding through miserable experience that dishonesty is a fatal policy, is the best grade of moral fibre—much better than that which accepts a moral intelligence precept without trying the other way once or twice. So the Congressmen who come here schooled in life, with burned marks on their fingers, rarely play with the fire of political corruption, and live by honest means. Theoretically a Congressman gets five thousand dollars a year, but scores of Congressmen make their wives their secretaries, and by saving their mileage by riding on passes and husbanding their stationery allowance manage to get seventy-five hundred a year. By living as simply as possible, without being niggardly, a Congressman and his wife can get along and save a little money on this. But they cannot go even into the outer fringe of what is called official society. They must not expect to dine out frequently or to entertain even their visiting constituents. And there is no doubt that social influence is interlocked with political influence in Congress, and the member who saves anything from his salary must be content to sacrifice some of his prestige; if he has none to sacrifice, and no reasonable hope of any, he is justified in saving what money he can save. It will do no good to raise the Congressman's salary, for that would merely raise the standard of living. Nothing can help the unknown member. He is the man with the five talents. No system of government was ever devised and no scheme of living can be adopted which is based on consideration for the incompetents. And yet they are in the vast and hopeless majority. And in the House of Representatives, where the majority is supposed to rule, it doesn't.

The majority accommodates itself to the minority—that knows how to get things done. In other days the minority was called the nobility, lords and dukes and what not; now, if the members of the minority are on our side we call them leaders, and if they are on the other side we call them bosses.

The Dancing Bears in the House

AND yet the leaders of the House of Representatives have short chains, as leaders have elsewhere. The House leaders must move within the limits of not merely the race sense of fairness and honesty, but they must move within the circle of approval of the unknown members. The leaders are bears chained to a pole; they dance, they win much applause, they cut curious capers; but it is the humble gentleman with the past due whiskers who owns the chain and furnishes the power that turns the crank and makes the music. Leadership is an agency held only on good behavior. In the House of Representatives utterly bad leaders are impossible; for they could not lead. No one would follow. There are about as many known scoundrels in the House as there are recognized leaders. If they should combine and try to force an issue they would make no headway, for their very reputations would bar them, because instinctively the membership of the House would not find these bad men representative. When a man surrenders his power to other men—and that is the only way leaders can get it—he must feel instinctively that they are "his kind of people." The judgments of men in forming a human crystal, which we call organization, are generally as infallible as is the force that draws the inanimate elements together in their chemical unions. And so the two dozen leaders of the House of Representatives are as truly representative of the House as the members of the House are representative of all the people of the American nation. It matters not how small the leadership is of any American body if it is chosen after the American fashion. It is customary to revile legislatures, municipal, State and national. Because a few members of a legislature or a Congress are bad, and hence inevitably prominent—like the black sheep in the white flock—constituencies are prone to condemn whole law-making bodies out of hand. Yet the laws passed by such bodies are generally fair laws; they are rarely foolish laws, and never tyrannical. And of the American House of Representatives it may be said without fear of contradiction that it reflects the American sense of justice and integrity and frugality with scientific accuracy. No better answer was ever made to a criticism than that which retorted to the cry of a Billion-Dollar Congress that this is a "billion-dollar country."

The National Congress is representative.

The representative character of the House of Representatives is a hopeful sign in American politics. The American people are becoming complex; the simplicity and unity of American life are gone from the surface of things. The influx of millions of illiterate foreigners, apparently indigestible by our political organs, the rise of great fortunes, the growth of new and intricate forms of business, the tightening of class lines by labor unions, the acquisition of foreign territory and

alien peoples, the release and political endowment of a race of slaves, the introduction of machinery crowding craftsmen from their benches, all these things and scores of other forms of industrial and civil progress have changed the pastoral democracy of the early nineteenth century almost beyond recognition. Every social and economic condition that the fathers feared is here: great wealth, deep poverty; greed, tethered by elastic legal red tape, a shoddy aristocracy lacking only noble titles, free land gone, and the struggle for sheer creature comforts growing keener—no goblin from the nightmare of the Conscript Fathers of the Republic is absent from the reality to-day. And yet here sits the Representative part of the American Congress, a sturdy, hard-headed set of average Americans, going about from day to day, working under a cloture rule which theoretically might permit a few men to lead the whole body astray into the currents of contemporary license and iniquity, and the product of this representative body is wholesome and fair, and more sane and equitable and righteous on the whole and in the long run than the enactments of any other legislative body that ever sat in the world.

Persons who have a hankering for psychical problems and things that make the head ache might find it profitable to figure out how in the process of political crystallization Nature rejects the impurities and draws together by almost divine prescience those things that are clean and of good report, and makes them the ultimate legal expression of the American spirit The man who shall find and proclaim the law that makes for righteousness in the trend of American affairs will be known among men as a great scientist. In other days such a man would have been venerated as a prophet!

The Shrewd Laird of Skibo

THE American tourist in the north of Scotland, who happens along the shores of Dornoch Firth, hears many tales of the "laird" of Skibo Castle—tales of his generosity, his shrewdness, his kindly humor.

One day, while walking along the main road, Mr. Carnegie found a crofter thatching a dilapidated cottage roof.

"Why don't you slate it?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

"Weel, sir, it wad cost ower much siller," replied the crofter craftily.

"What would it cost?" asked the ironmaster.

"About fufty punds."

Mr. Carnegie took a check-book from his pocket, signed a check for the amount, handed it to the amazed crofter, and smilingly went on his way. "An honest man," mused he.

Now the crofter had a wife, who on hearing of the windfall to the family exclaimed: "Ye auld fule, that ye didna ax him for mair! Awa' tae Skibo, an' tell the laird ye wis mistaken, an' that it wad cost seventy."

Thus commanded, the crofter wended his way to the castle where he was shown into the library.

"Well," said Mr. Carnegie, "what now?"

The man explained.

"Have you that check?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

The expectant Scotchman handed the check to Mr. Carnegie, who tore it up, gave the crofter a look of angry contempt, and pointed to the door.

While steaming out of Dornoch Firth one day on his yacht, Sea Breeze, Mr. Carnegie was disturbed to hear an uproar in the engine-room, followed by the sudden stopping of the machinery. The engine had broken down. The chief engineer reported to the owner that the repairs could not be made without the help of a skilled machinist.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

"Well, sir, there's an engineer at Inverness."

"Yes, but that costs money."

Mr. Carnegie set to work in the engine-room, and, with one man's assistance, set the engine to rights in half an hour.

Another time he took a party of friends from America across the Firth on the Sea Breeze to Port Mahomach, a little fishing village, christened by Mr. Carnegie "The Venice of the North." Upon landing, the "laird" asked a laborer working in a field to lead the way over to Tarbet Ness Lighthouse, where they were to have luncheon on the rocky coast. The laborer had not gone far when he asked if he might go back to his work because he should not be seen walking with gentlefolk without his coat.

"Oh, is that all?" said Mr. Carnegie, pulling off his own coat. "There's mine; put it on."

As the laborer stood six feet, and was proportionately large of girth, his futile efforts to get inside Mr. Carnegie's coat created great amusement.

"It's nae fit," said the laborer.

"Never mind," chuckled the ironmaster, "carry it on your arm, and people will think it belongs to you, and that you are carrying it because you're warm."

THE CONNEMARA MARE

The Story of a Horse that Led a Double Life

By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross

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PART I

THE gray mare, which had been one of the last, if not the very last, of the sales at the Dublin Horse Show was not at all happy in her mind.

Still less so was the dealer's under-strapper, to whom fell the task of escorting her through the streets of Dublin. Her late owner's groom had assured him that she would "folly him out of his hands, and that whatever she'd see she wouldn't care for it nor ask to look at it!"

It cannot be denied, however, that when an electric tram swept past her like a terrace under way, closely followed by a cart laden with a clanking and horrific reaping-machine, she showed that she possessed powers of observation. The incident passed off with credit to the under-strapper, but when an animal has to be played like a salmon down the length of Lower Mount Street, and when it barn-dances obliquely along the north side of Merrion Square, the worst may be looked for in Nassau Street.

And it was indeed in Nassau Street, and, moreover, in full view of the bow window of the Kildare Street Club, that the cup of the under-strapper's misfortunes brimmed over. To be sure he could not know that the new owner of the gray mare was in that window; it was enough for him that a quiescent and unsuspected piano-organ broke with three majestic chords into Mascagni's Intermezzo at his very ear, and that, without any apparent interval of time, he was surmounting a heap composed of a newspaper boy, a sandwich man and a hospital nurse, while his hands held nothing save a red-hot memory of where the rope had been. The smashing of glass and the clatter of hoofs on the pavement filled in what space was left in his mind for other impressions.

"She's into the hat shop!" said Mr. Rupert Gunning to himself in the window of the club, recognizing his recent purchase and the full measure of the calamity in one and the same moment.

He also recognized in its perfection the fact, already suspected by him, that he had been a fool.

Upheld by this soothing reflection he went out into the street, where awaited him the privileges of proprietorship. These began with the dispatching of the mare, badly cut and apparently lame on every leg, in charge of the remains of the under-strapper, to her destination. They continued with the consolation of the hospital nurse, and embraced in varying pecuniary degrees the compensation of the sandwich man, the newspaper boy, and the proprietor of the hat shop. During all this time he enjoyed the unfaltering attention of a fair-sized crowd, liberal in comment, prolific of imbecile suggestion. And all these things were only the beginning of the trouble.

Mr. Gunning proceeded to his room and to the packing of his portmanteau for that evening's mail-boat to Holyhead in a mood of considerable sourness. It may be conceded to him that circumstances had been of a souring character. He had bought Miss Fanny Fitzroy's gray mare at the Horse Show for reasons of an undeniably sentimental sort. Therefore, having no good cause to show for the purchase, he had paid secretly the sum of sixty pounds for an animal that he had consistently crabbed, amounting in the eyes of the world in general to a rather advanced love-token, if not a formal declaration. He had planned no future for the gray mare, but he had cherished a trembling hope that some day he might be in a position to restore her to her late owner without considering the expression in any eyes save those which had recalled to him the play of lights in a Connemara trout stream.

Now, it appeared, this pleasing vision must go the way of many others.

The August sunlight illumined Mr. Gunning's folly and his bulging portmanteau, packed as brutally as only a man in a passion can pack; when he reached the hall it also irradiated the short figure and seedy tidiness of the dealer who had been his confederate in the purchase of the mare.

"What did the vet say, Brennan?" said Mr. Gunning with the brevity of ill-humor.

Mr. Brennan paused before replying, a pause laden with the promise of evil tidings. His short, silvery hair glistened respectably in the sunshine; he had preserved unblemished from some earlier phase of his career the air of a family coachman out of place. It veiled, though it could not conceal, the dissolute twinkle in his eye as he replied:

"He said, sir, if it wasn't that she was something out of condition, he'd recommend you to send her out to the lions at the Zoo!"

This specimen of veterinary humor had hardly the success that had been hoped for it. Rupert Gunning's face was so remarkably void of appreciation that Mr. Brennan abruptly relapsed into gloom.

"He said he'd only be wasting his time with her, sir; he might as well go stitch a bog-hole as them wounds the window gave her; the tendon of the near fore is the same as in two halves with it, let alone the shoulder, that's worse again with her pitching out on the point of it."

"Was that all he had to say?" demanded the mare's owner.

"Well, beyond those remarks he passed about the Zoo, I should say it was, sir," admitted Mr. Brennan.

There was another pause, during which Rupert asked himself what the deuce he was to do with the mare, and Mr. Brennan, thoroughly aware that he was doing so, decorously thumbed the brim of his hat.

"Maybe we might let her get the night, sir," he said, after a respectful interval, "and you might see her yourself in the morning——"

"THE COB I BOUGHT AT THE HORSE SHOW? OH, YES—I GOT RID OF IT"

"I don't want to see her. I know well enough what she looks like," interrupted his client irritably. "Anyhow, I'm crossing to England to-night, and I don't choose to miss the boat for the fun of looking at an unfortunate brute that's cut half to pieces!"

Mr. Brennan cleared his throat. "If you were thinking to leave her in my stables, sir," he said firmly, "I'd sooner be quit of her. I've only a small place, and I'd lose too much time with her if I had to keep her the way she is. She might be on my hands three months and die at the end of it."

The clock here struck the quarter at which Mr. Gunning ought to start for his train at Westland Row.

"You see, sir——" recommenced Brennan. It was precisely at this point that Mr. Gunning lost his temper.

"I suppose you can find time to shoot her," he said with a very red face. "Kindly do so to-night!"

Mr. Brennan's arid countenance revealed no emotion. He was accustomed to understanding his clients a trifle better than they understood themselves, and inscrutable though Mr.

Gunning's original motive in buying the mare had been, he had during this interview yielded to treatment and followed a prepared path.

That night, in the domestic circle, he went so far as to lay the matter before Mrs. Brennan.

"He picked out a mare that was as poor as a raven—though she's a good-enough stamp if she was in condition—and tells me to buy her. 'What price will I give, sir?' says I. 'Ye'll give what they're askin',' says he, 'and that's sixty sovereigns!' I'm thirty years buying horses, and such a disgrace was never put on me, to be made a fool of before all Dublin! Going giving the first price for a mare that wasn't value for the half of it! Well, he sees the mare then, cut into garters below in Nassau Street. Divil a hair he cares! Nor never came down to the stable to put an eye on her! 'Shoot her!' says he, leppin' up on a car. 'Westland Row!' says he to the fella'. 'Drive like blazes!'—and away with him! Well, no matter; I earned my money easy, an' I got the mare cheap!"

Mrs. Brennan added another spoonful of brown sugar to the porter that she was mulling in a saucepan on the range.

"Didn't ye say it was a young lady that owned the mare, James?" she asked in a colorless voice.

"Well, you're the divil, Mary!" replied Mr. Brennan in sincere admiration.

The mail-boat was as crowded as is usual on the last night of the Horse Show week. Overhead flowed the smoke river from the funnels, behind flowed the foam river of wake; the Hill of Howth receded apace into the west, its lighthouse glowing like a planet in the twilight. Men with cigars, aggressively fit and dinner-full, strode the deck in couples, and thrashed out the Horse Show and Leopardstown to their uttermost husks.

Rupert Gunning was also, but with excessive reluctance, discussing the Horse Show. As he had given himself a good deal of trouble in order to cross on this particular evening, and as any one who was even slightly acquainted with Miss Fitzroy must have been aware that she would decline to talk of anything else, sympathy for him is not altogether deserved. The boat swung softly in a trance of speed, and Miss Fitzroy, better known to a larger circle of intimates as Fanny Fitz, tried to think the motion was pleasant. She had made a good many migrations to England by various routes and classes. There had indeed been times of stress when she had crossed unostentatiously third class, trusting that luck and a thick veil might save her from her friends, but the day after she had sold a horse for sixty pounds was not the day for a daughter of Ireland to study economics. The breeze brought warm and subtle wafts from the machinery; it also blew wisps of hair into Fanny Fitz's eyes and over her nose, in a manner much revered in fiction, but in real life usually unbecoming and always exasperating. She leaned back on the bench and wondered whether the satisfaction of crowing over Mr. Gunning compensated her for abandoning the tranquil security of the ladies' cabin.

Mr. Gunning, though less contradictious than his wont, was certainly one of the most deliberately unsympathetic men she knew. None the less he was a man, and some one to talk to, both points in his favor, and she stayed on.

"I just missed meeting the man who bought my mare," she said, recurring to the subject for the fourth time; "apparently he didn't think her 'a leggy, long-backed brute,' as other people did, or said they did!"

"Did many people say it?" asked Mr. Gunning, beginning to make a cigarette.

"Oh, no one whose opinion signified!" retorted Fanny Fitz with a glance from her charming, changeful eyes that suggested that she did not always mean quite what she said. "I believe the dealer bought her for a Leicestershire man. What she really wants is a big country where she can extend herself."

Mr. Gunning reflected that by this time the gray mare had extended herself once for all in Brennan's back yard: he had done nothing to be ashamed of, but he felt abjectly guilty.

"If I go with Maudie to Connemara again next year," continued Fanny, "I must look out for another. You'll come, too, I hope? A little opposition is such a help in making up one's mind! I don't know what I should have done without you at Leenane last June!"

Perhaps it was the vision of early summer that the words called up; perhaps it was the smile, half-seen in the semi-dark, that curved her provoking lips; perhaps it was compunction for his share in the tragedy of the Connemara mare; but possibly without any of these explanations Rupert would have done as he did, which was to place his hand on Fanny Fitz's as it lay on the bench beside him.

She was so amazed that for a moment she wildly thought he had mistaken it in the darkness for his tobacco pouch. Then, jumping with a shock to the conclusion that even the unsympathetic Mr. Gunning shared most men's views about not wasting an opportunity, she removed her hand with a jerk.

"Oh! I beg your pardon!" said Rupert pusillanimously. Miss Fitzroy fell back again on the tobacco-pouch theory.

At this moment the glowing end of a cigar deviated from its orbit on the deck and approached them.

"HE SAID, SIR, HE'D RECOMMEND YOU TO SEND HER OUT TO THE LIONS AT THE ZOO!"

"Is that you, Gunning? I thought it was your voice," said the owner of the cigar.

"Yes, it is," said Mr. Gunning in a tone singularly lacking in encouragement. "Thought I saw you at dinner, but couldn't be sure."

As a matter of fact, no one could have been more thoroughly aware than he of Captain Carteret's presence in the saloon.

"I thought so, too!" said Fanny Fitz from the darkness, "but Captain Carteret wouldn't look my way!"

Captain Carteret gave a somewhat exaggerated start of discovery and threw his cigar over the side. He had evidently come to stay.

"How was it I didn't see you at the Horse Show?" he said.

"The only people one ever sees there are the people one doesn't want to see," said Fanny. "I could meet no one except the auctioneer from Craffroe, and he always said the same thing. 'Fearful sultry, Miss Fitzroy! Have ye a purchaser yet for your animal, Miss Fitzroy? Ye have not! Oh, fie, fie!' It was rather funny at first, but it palled."

"I was there only one day," said Captain Carteret; "I wish I'd known you had a horse up; I might have helped you to sell."

"Thanks! I sold all right," said Fanny Fitz magnificently. "Did rather well, too!"

"Capital!" said Captain Carteret vaguely. His acquaintance with Fanny extended over a three-day shooting party in Kildare, and a dance given by the detachment of his regiment at Enniscar, for which he had come down from the depot. It was not sufficient to enlighten him as to what it meant to her to own and sell a horse for the first time in her life.

"By the by, Gunning," he went on, "you seemed to be having a lively time in Nassau Street yesterday! My wife and I were driving in from the polo, and we saw you in the thick of what looked like a street row. Some one in the club afterward told me it was a horse you had bought at the show that had come to grief. I hope it wasn't much hurt?"

There was a moment of silence—astonished, inquisitive silence on the part of Miss Fitzroy; temporary cessation of the faculty of speech on that of Mr. Gunning. It was the moment, as he reflected afterward, for a clean, decisive lie, a denial of all ownership; either that or the instant flinging of Captain Carteret overboard.

Unfortunately for him, he did neither; he lied partially, timorously, and with that clinging to the skirts of the truth that marks the novice.

"Oh, she was all right," he said, his face purpling heavily in the kindly darkness. "What was the polo like, Carteret?"

"But I had no idea that you had bought a horse!" broke in Fanny Fitz in high excitement. "Why didn't you tell Maudie and me? What is it like?"

"Oh, it's—she's just a cob—a gray cob—I just picked her up at the end of the show."

"What sort of a cob? Can she jump? Are you going to ride her with Freddy's hounds?" continued the implacably interested Fanny.

"I bought her as—as a trapper, and to do a bit of carting," replied Rupert, beginning suddenly to feel his powers of invention awakening. "She's quite a common brute. She doesn't jump."

"She seems to have jumped pretty well in Nassau Street," remarked Captain Carteret; "as well as I could see in the crowd, she didn't strike me as if she'd take kindly to carting."

"Well, I do think you might have told us about it!" reiterated Fanny Fitz. "Men are so ridiculously mysterious about buying or selling horses. I simply named my price and got it. I see nothing to make a mystery about in a deal; do you, Captain Carteret?"

"Well, that depends on whether you are buying or selling," replied Captain Carteret.

But Fate, in the shape of a turning tide and a consequent roll, played for once into the hands of Rupert Gunning. The boat swayed slowly, but deeply, and a waft of steam blew across Miss Fitzroy's face. It was not mere steam; it had been among hot, oily things, stealing and giving odor. Fanny Fitz was not sick, but she knew that she had her limits, and that conversation, save of the usual rudimentary kind with the stewardess, were best abandoned.

PART II

MR. WILLIAM TENNESSY, lately returned from America, at present publican in Enniscar and proprietor of a small farm on its outskirts, had taken a gray mare to the forge.

It was now November, and the mare had been out at grass for nearly three months, somewhat to the detriment of her figure, but very much to her general advantage. Even in the southwest of Ireland it is not usual to keep horses out quite so late in the year, but Mr. Tennessy, having begun his varied career as a traveling tinker, was not the man to be bound by convention. He had provided the mare with the society of a donkey and two sheep, and with the shelter of a filthy and ruinous cow-shed. Taking into consideration the fact that he had paid only seven pounds ten shillings for her, he thought this accommodation was as much as she was entitled to.

She was now drooping and dozing in a dark corner of the forge, waiting her turn to be shod, as shaggy and as dirty a creature as had ever stood there.

"Where did ye get that one?" inquired the owner of a car with a broken spring, in the course of much lengthy conversation.

"I got her from a cousin of my own that died down in the County Limerick," said Mr. Tennessy in his most agreeable manner. "'Twas himself bred her, and she was near deshtroyed fallin' back on a harra' with him. It's for postin' I have her."

"She's shlack enough yet," said the carman.

"Ah, wait a while!" said Mr. Tennessy easily; "in a week's time when I'll have her clipped out she'll be as clean as amber."

The conversation flowed on to other themes.

It was nearly dark when the carman took his departure, and the smith, a silent youth with sore eyes, caught hold of one of the gray mare's fetlocks and told her to "lift!" He examined each hoof in succession by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle, raked his fire together, and then, turning to Mr. Tennessy, remarked:

"Ye'd laugh if ye were here the day I put a slipper on this one, an' she afther comin' out o' the thrain—last June it was. 'Twas one Connolly back from Craffroeside was taking her from the station; him that thrained her for Miss Fitzroy. She gave him the two heels in the face." The glow from the fire illumined the smith's sardonic grin of remembrance. "She had a sand-crack in the near fore that time, and there's the sign of it yet."

The Cinderella-like episode of the slipper had naturally not entered into Mr. Tennessy's calculations, but he took the unforeseen without a change of countenance.

"Well, now," he said deliberately, "I was sayin' to meself on the road a while ago, if there was one this side o' the counthry would know her it'd be yerself."

The smith took the compliment with a blink of his sore eyes.

"Any one'd be hard set to know her now," he said.

There was a pause, during which a leap of sparks answered each thump of the hammer on the white-hot iron, and Mr. Tennessy arranged his course of action.

"Well, Larry," he said, "I'll tell ye now what no one in this counthry knows but meself and Patsey Crimmeen. Sure I know it's as good to tell a thing to the ground as to tell it to yerself!"

He lowered his voice.

"'Twas Mr. Gunning, of Streamstown, bought that one from Miss Fitzroy at the Dublin Show, and a hundhred pound he gave for her!"

The smith mentally docked this sum by seventy pounds, but said "By dam!" in polite convention.

"'Twasn't a week afther that I got her for twinty-five pound!"

The smith made a further mental deduction equally justified by the facts; the long snore and wheeze of the bellows

filled the silence, and the dirty walls flushed and glowed with the steady crescendo and diminuendo of the glow.

The ex-tinker picked up the bottle with the candle. "Look at that!" he said, lowering the light and displaying a long transverse scar beginning at the mare's knee and ending in an enlarged fetlock.

"I seen that," said the smith.

"And look at that!" continued Mr. Tennessy, putting back the shaggy hair on her shoulder. A wide and shiny patch of black skin showed where the hatter's plate glass had flayed the shoulder. "She played the divil' goin' through the streets, and made flitthers of herself this way in a shop window. Gunning give the word to shoot her. The dealer's boy told Patsey Crimmeen. 'Twas Patsey was careing her at the show for Miss Fitzroy. Shtan', will ye!"—this to the mare, whose eyes glinted white as she flung away her head from the light of the candle.

"Whatever fright she got she didn't forget it," said the smith.

"I was up in Dublin meself the same time," pursued Mr. Tennessy. "Afther seein' Patsey I took a shtroll down to Brennan's yard. The leg was in two halves, barrin' the shkin, and the showldher swoll up as big as a sack o' male. I was three or four days goin' down to look at her this way, and I seen she wasn't as bad as what they thought. I come in one morning, and the boy says to me, 'The boss has three horses comin' in to-day an' I dunno where'll we put this one.' I goes to Brennan, and he sitting down to his breakfast, and the wife with him. 'Sir,' says I, 'for the honor of God sell me that mare!' We had hard strugglin' then. In the latther end the wife says, 'It's as good for ye to part with her, James,' say she, 'and Mr. Gunning'll never know what way she went. This honest man'll never say where he got her.' 'I will not, ma'am,' says I. 'I have a brother in the postin' line in Belfast, and it's for him I'm buyin' her.'"

The process of making nail-holes in the shoe seemed to engross the taciturn young smith's attention for the next minute or two.

"There was a man over from Craffroe in town yesterday," he observed presently, "that said Mr. Gunning was lookin' out for a cob, and he'd fancy one that would lep."

He eyed his work sedulously as he spoke.

Something, it might have been the light of the candle, woke a flicker in Mr. Tennessy's eye. He passed his hand gently down the mare's quarter.

"Supposing now that the mane was off her, and something about six inches of a dock took off her tail, what sort of a cob d'ye think she'd make, Larry?"

The smith, with a sudden falsetto cackle of laughter, plunged the shoe into a tub of water, in which it gurgled and spluttered as if in appreciation of the jest.

PART III

DOTTED at intervals throughout society are the people endowed with the faculty for "getting up things." They are dauntless people, filled with the power of driving lesser and deeper reluctant spirits before them.

Of such was Mrs. Carteret, with powers matured in hill-stations in India, mellowed by much voyaging in P. and O. steamers. Not even an environment as unpromising as that of Enniscar in its winter torpor had power to dismay her. A public whose artistic tastes had hitherto been nourished upon traveling circuses, Nationalist meetings, and missionary magic lanterns in the Wesleyan schoolhouse was, she argued, practically virgin soil, and would ecstatically respond to any form of cultivation.

"I know there's not much talent to be had," she said combatively to her husband, "but we'll just black our faces and call ourselves the Green Coons or something, and it will be all right!"

"Dashed if I'll black my face again," said Captain Carteret. "I call it rot trying to get up anything here. There's no one to do anything."

"Well, there's ourselves and little Taylour" ("little Taylour," it may be explained, was Captain Carteret's subaltern), "that's two banjos and a bones, anyhow; and Freddy Alexander, and there's your dear friend Fanny Fitz—she'll be home in a few days, and those two big Hamilton girls——"

"Oh, Heavens!" ejaculated Captain Carteret.

"Oh, yes!" continued Mrs. Carteret, unheedingly, "and there's Mr. Gunning; he'll come if Fanny Fitz does."

"He'll not be much advantage when he does come," said Captain Carteret spitefully.

"Oh, he sings," said Mrs. Carteret, arranging her neat small fringe at the glass—"rather a good voice. You needn't be afraid, my dear; I'll arrange that the fascinating Fanny shall sit next you!"

Upon this somewhat unstable basis the formation of the troupe of Green Coons was undertaken. Mrs. Carteret took off her coat to the work, or rather, to be accurate, she put on a fur-lined one, and attended a Nationalist meeting in the Town Hall to judge for herself how the voices carried. She returned rejoicing—she had sat at the back of the hall and had not lost a syllable of the oratory, even during sundry heated episodes, discreetly summarized by the local paper as "interruption." The Town Hall was chartered, superficially cleansed, and in a week the posters had gone forth.

By what means it was accomplished that Rupert Gunning should attend the first rehearsal he did not exactly understand: he found himself enmeshed in a promise to meet every one else at the Town Hall, with tea at the Carterets' later.

The rehearsal progressed after the manner of amateur rehearsals. The troupe, with the exception of Mr. Gunning, who remained wrapped in silence, talked irrepressibly, and quite inappropriately to their rôle as Green Coons. Fanny Fitz and Captain Carteret finally removed themselves to a grimy corner behind the proscenium, and there practiced, sotto voce, the song with banjo accompaniment that was to culminate in the hornpipe. Freddy Alexander had gone forth to purchase a pack of cards in the futile hope that he could prevail upon Mrs. Carteret to allow him to inflict conjuring tricks upon the audience.

"As if there were anything on earth that bored people as much as card tricks!" said that experienced lady to Rupert Gunning. "Look here, *would* you mind reading over these riddles to see which you'd like to have to answer? Now, here's a local one. I'll ask it—'Why am dis room like de Enniscar Demesne?' And then *you'll* say, 'Because dere am so many pretty little deers in it!'"

"Oh, I couldn't possibly do that!" said Rupert hastily, alarmed as well as indignant; "I'm afraid I really must go now——"

He had to pass by Fanny Fitz on his way out of the hall. There was something vexed and forlorn about him, and being sympathetic she perceived it, though not its cause.

"You're deserting us!" she said, looking up at him.

"I have an appointment," he said stiffly, his glance evading hers and resting on Captain Carteret's well-clipped little black head.

Some of Fanny's worst scrapes had been brought about by her incapacity to allow any one to part from her on bad terms, and, moreover, she liked Rupert Gunning. She cast about in her mind for something conciliatory to say to him.

"When are you going to show me the cob that you bought at the Horse Show?"

The olive branch thus confidently tendered had a somewhat withering reception.

"The cob I bought at the Horse Show?" Mr. Gunning repeated with an increase of rigidity—"Oh, yes—I got rid of it."

He paused; the twangling of Captain Carteret's banjo bridged the interval imperturbably.

"Why had you to get rid of it?" asked Fanny, still sympathetic.

"She was a failure!" said Rupert vindictively; "I made a fool of myself in buying her!"

Fanny looked at him sideways from under her lashes.

"And I had counted on your giving me a mount on her now and then!"

Rupert forgot his wrath, forgot even the twangling banjo.

"I've just got another cob," he said quickly; "she jumps very well, and if you'd like to hunt her next Tuesday——"

"Oh, thanks awfully, but Captain Carteret has promised me a mount for next Tuesday!" said the perfidious Fanny.

Mrs. Carteret, on her knees by a refractory footlight, watched with anxiety Mr. Gunning's abrupt departure.

"Fanny!" she said severely, "what have you been doing to that man?"

"Oh, nothing!" said Fanny.

"If you've put him off singing I'll never forgive you!" continued Mrs. Carteret, advancing on her knees to the next footlight.

"I tell you I've done nothing to him," said Fanny Fitz guiltily.

In the mean time the object of this discussion was driving his ten Irish miles home by the light of a frosty full moon. Between the shafts of his cart a trim-looking mare of about fifteen hands trotted lazily, forging, shying, and generally comporting herself in a way only possible to a grass-fed animal who has been in the hands of such as Mr. William Tennessy. The thick and dingy mane that had hung impartially on each side of her neck, now, together with the major portion of her voluminous tail, adorned the manure heap in the rear of the Tennessy public-house. The pallid fleece in which she had been muffled had given place to a polished coat of iron-gray, that looked black in the moonlight. A week of overabundant oats had made her opinionated, but had not, so far, restored to her the fine-lady nervousness that had landed her in the window of the hat shop.

Rupert laid the whip along her fat sides with bitter disfavor. She was a brute in harness, he said to himself; her blemished fetlock was uglier than he had at first thought, and even though she had yesterday schooled over two miles of country like an old stager, she was too small to carry him, and she was not, apparently, wanted to carry any one else. Here the purchase received a very disagreeable cut on the neck that interrupted her speculations as to the nature of the shadows of telegraph-posts. To have bought two useless horses in four months was pretty average bad luck. It was also pretty bad luck to have been born a fool. Reflection here became merged in the shapeless and futile fumings of a man badly in love and preposterously jealous.

THE CUP OF THE UNDER-STRAPPER'S MISFORTUNES BRIMMED OVER

For Fanny Fitz the memory of the performance was a nightmare of blinding heat and glare, made actual only by poignant anxiety as to the length of her green skirt. The hope that she might be unrecognizable was shattered by the yell of "More power, Miss Fanny!" that crested the thunderous encore, evoked by her hornpipe with Captain Carteret, and the question of the skirt was decided by the fact that her aunts, in the front row, firmly perused their programs from the beginning of her dance to its conclusion.

The entertainment went with varying success, after the manner of its kind. The local hits and personal allusions, toilfully compiled and ardently believed in, were received in damping silence, while Rupert Gunning's song, of the truculent order dedicated to basses, and sung by him with a face

(*Continued on Page 30*)

FREAKS AND FORTUNES IN ADVERTISING

By Paul Latzke

THE NANNY-GOAT'S $20,000,000 LUNCHEON, AND OTHER SUBSTANTIAL WONDERS OF THE NEWEST BUSINESS

ON HARLEM HEIGHTS, where Washington fought, a goat was browsing. It was apparently most unpromising feeding-ground. But the goat was a wise goat and knew her business.

Surrounding her bare pasture on three sides were towering flat houses, the back windows of which overlooked the goat's preserve. It is strictly forbidden in New York, "under penalty of the law," to throw refuse out of one's window, but the Harlem goats have long since learned that there is nothing pleases New Yorkers more than to violate the law, if they can do so with comfort and safety.

This psychological fact known to few men, but understood by all animals on Manhattan Island that have to hustle for a living, makes this particular spot one of the choicest pastures known to the predatory kingdom, and the wise goat had only been able to possess herself of it after several sharp encounters with invaders. I had watched these encounters with warm interest, and it may have been in response to my prayers for the reward of the valiant Nanny that a window in one of the flats was opened, and a basket of refuse thrown out by a neat housewife. Haynes, who years ago did the Harlem Police Courts for the Associated Press, insisted that my prayers had nothing to do with it.

"It is simply the criminal instinct of the Harlemite asserting itself," declared Haynes.

"You're a pessimist," I chided mildly. "Whatever the cause, the act has brought joy to the goat. See her expression of rapt satisfaction."

"And no wonder," said Haynes with a cheerful grin. "She's just had a $20,000,000 luncheon."

The change from melancholy pessimism was so pleasant that I let the imbecile remark go without comment. But Haynes wouldn't have it so.

"It's a fact; she's had a $20,000,000 meal. See that red paper disappearing down her throat?"

"Yes," I said kindly, watching him suspiciously for further symptoms.

"Well, sir, that paper—it has all disappeared now—was worth $20,000,000. That is, the right to reproduce it is."

I turned my attention again to the goat as the more promising subject of the two.

"You don't believe it?" persevered Haynes.

"I'm polite, Haynes, always."

"Well, it's true just the same. That thing the goat swallowed was a label off a baking-powder can. The company that owns that brand of baking powder is incorporated for $20,000,000; its stock is worth much more. And the main asset behind that immense capitalization is the right to use the red label of which you just saw the finish."

Haynes has imagination, but lacks depth. That is why he never got on as a newspaper man, and has to content himself with a paltry forty or fifty thousand a year in Wall Street, where he's now a broker. With proper mental balance, having gone so far as to see $20,000,000 in a tin-can label, he would have pursued the idea until he found behind it something far more wonderful—the power that made this label worth all these millions.

An analysis of this power makes the most fascinating study I know. In it lies everything the ambitious man craves—money, fame, adventure, wit and humor. The story of the baking-powder label makes an interesting study.

The "Sympathetic" Way to Wealth

SHORTLY after the war, one Doctor Price rode what might be called a "medical circuit" around the small towns lying near Chicago. He had various healing nostrums which he distributed. He announced his arrival in the various towns by advance advertising in the local newspapers, and gave further publicity to his works by distributing handbills that proclaimed the merits of his medicines. A regular physician would have called this quackery, but Doctor Price was content; he was building up a very good practice. He established regular dates in each town, and always found a satisfactory company of patients awaiting him. The doctor was a particular favorite with the women, for he not only brought them good advice and plenty of medicine, but he gave what was worth even more—intelligent sympathy. And out of this sympathy grew the $20,000,000 label that furnished a luncheon to the Harlem goat. In the course of his travels Doctor Price heard much of the troubles of bread and cake making. The housewives, and especially the housewives on farms, were always full of the difficulties that beset them in providing fresh yeast. The recitals on this subject were so frequent, and the trouble apparently so serious, that the doctor, ever a resourceful man, finally concluded that he would find his patients a substitute. He was, among other things, an excellent chemist, and he set about his task with system. After many trials he finally found a combination that worked—cream of tartar and soda, with a mixture of potato starch.

The First Battle of the Ink-Slingers

WHEN he was satisfied that his "baking powder," as he called it, would do the work, the doctor took a package out on his circuit. Whenever he could he traded off small lots of it for board and lodging. To put it up commercially had not at this time occurred to him. But the housewives who used the powder reported so rapturously the results that it did not take him long to determine that here was something better than country doctoring, if he could only advise womenkind generally of this new boon. As to the method, the doctor had no doubt that advertising would do the work. His small experience with his medicines convinced him of that. But advertising cost money, and of money the doctor had precious little. He went as far as his slight capital would warrant. Then he induced a country banker of Waukegan, Illinois, to buy a half-interest in his "baking powder."

Headquarters were established in Chicago and a systematic, though modest, advertising campaign was begun. Not many years afterward Doctor Price bought out his partner's interest. The exact purchase price has never become known, but one item was the transfer of $400,000 worth of high-class Chicago real estate. Persons in a position to know say that the partner received about $1,000,000 for his half-interest in the "baking powder."

At the time this sale was effected there was no longer anything secret about the compounding of baking powder. Doctor Price's simple preparation had been analyzed by scores of chemists, and there were dozens of similar mixtures on the market. But only one other was strongly advertised. Its owners were Dr. C. N. Hoagland, his brother, J. C. Hoagland, and William Ziegler. The Hoaglands had come originally from Fort Wayne, Indiana, where they owned a drug store. They were among the first to learn of Price's formula, having put up the baking powder for the doctor while it was still manufactured on a small scale. They moved afterward to Chicago and then to New York, where they joined forces with Mr. Ziegler, who was a manufacturer of flavoring extracts. It was said of the Hoaglands, both of whom are now dead, that they were in many respects the most daring advertisers ever known. At the start they went often without the necessaries of life in order to devote every penny they could rake and scrape to newspaper and magazine publicity. For years after their sales reached into the hundred thousands they continued to live in the smallest way, using all their income to enlarge their advertising. So aggressive did their work finally become, especially after they joined hands with Ziegler, that the business of their competitors was grievously menaced. It was because Price's partner, who never could quite fight down the conservatism that comes with country banking, would not consent to meet the Hoaglands on their own ground that Doctor Price bought him out. In the year following his purchase Doctor Price spent $280,000 for printer's ink and his competitors probably half as much again. This was considered enormous for those times. But worse was to come. The Hoaglands and Ziegler fell out, and the latter sold his interest to his partners. Within a few months Doctor Hoagland retired. Mr. Ziegler then bought an interest in the Price Company, and Doctor Hoagland, with Charles O. Gates and others, bought out the Cleveland Brothers, who were putting up baking powder in a small way at Albany, New York.

Then ensued a fight that brought joy to the publishers and, though no one expected it at the time, enormous gains to the combatants. Millions were spent by the rivals in advertising, and every one prophesied ultimate ruin. But so well did they all do their work that the aggregate sales were stimulated beyond anything that had been deemed possible, and the money poured out returned almost at once. Besides, there was built up a business for all three of the powders that has never since lost its impetus.

The death of Doctor Hoagland brought about a cessation of hostilities and the three companies were combined under one charter.

Doctor Price retired with a fortune estimated at $5,000,000. Mr. Ziegler also retired and is ranked among the important millionaires of New York, with a hobby for $250,000 Polar expeditions and other diversions that take the place of business with him.

The two Hoaglands left estates worth millions. No one knows how rich are Mr. Gates and the others now at the head of the resulting company, but it *is* known that the output of the combination is greater than ever. Its stock pays an average dividend of a million and a half a year. Its cash surplus is as high as the Eiffel Tower.

And all this vast wealth was created by advertising.

The Gold Mine in the Printer's Ink-Pot

THE joys of gold mining have been sung in all times, and "Better than a gold mine" has come to be an accepted phrase for describing the superlative in money-making. But for dazzling results gold mining is not in the same class with this other mining in the printer's ink-pot.

The gold production of the entire world for 1901 was $252,095,600. To produce this sum about $200,000,000 was paid out for labor, supplies, transportation, reduction, etc. This left a net profit of $50,000,000 in round numbers on the year's gold mining. In the United States alone $250,000,000 was spent last year for advertising. On this there was an estimated profit of $75,000,000, or $25,000,000 more than was cleared by gold mining throughout the whole world. A considerable sum of money was lost in advertising because of inexpert work, but these losses do not compare with the enormous sums lost by unfortunate prospectors and operators in gold mining. It has been said with some authority that more money in the shape of labor and supplies is put into the ground each year by miners than is taken out. The comparatively small number of men who have grown rich out of mining would seem to give this saying force. Of men who have grown rich through advertising there are scores to be found in every city, almost in every town. With few exceptions, almost every industry in the land is dependent on proper advertising for success. And this is getting to be the case to a greater extent every year. Even the Standard Oil Company, notorious for its antiquated methods, is going into the field.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series by Mr. Latzke. The next paper will appear in an early number.

Not long ago the company spent over $200,000 advertising the virtues of oil stoves for cooking and heating, to stimulate the demand for kerosene.

The coal strike last year taxed the petroleum supply to such an extent that the Standard did not repeat the experiment, which, it is said, was found very satisfactory. Some of its by-products, like paraffine wax and candles, axle grease, lubricating oil, and so forth, are advertised regularly, but in a small way compared to the advertising of some of the other big trusts. It is confidently prophesied, however, that the time is in sight when the Standard Oil will spend a million dollars a year to push its products, as some of the other great combinations are doing.

The United States Steel Company since its organization has spent probably three times as much for advertising as was spent before consolidation by its constituent companies. One of its branches, the American Steel and Wire Company, has gone into practically every agricultural paper in the country advertising its wire fencing. The National Biscuit Company last year spent in the neighborhood of a million and a quarter dollars, and the American Tobacco Company about as much.

Railroad advertising has grown by successive stages until to-day it ranks among the most important in the land. The fifteen leading railroads of the country spent in 1901 over $2,000,000, and it is expected that the annual reports for 1902 will show a very large increase over this. A comparatively few years ago there was little or no railroad advertising in the ordinary sense. The New York Central led the way when George H. Daniels became its general passenger agent, and the other great roads were not slow to follow suit.

The entire industrial system of the country is being modified by the power of advertising. The middle man, the jobber, is being more and more eliminated, and the producer is going direct to the consumer. This would have been practically impossible without the modern use of printer's ink. The story of P. D. Armour's first venture in advertising illustrates this fact very aptly. In the days before food staples were advertised in the public prints, and that was only about twenty years ago, Lord & Thomas, the Chicago advertising agents, began a campaign against Mr. Armour. They kept at it for years without success, putting up in the mean time with some very pretty brushes of temper, for Mr. Armour was not soft spoken when he wished to be rid of any one. But one day Mr. Lord found his opportunity and made the most of it. Mr. Armour was in his private office when Mr. Lord was shown in. His reception was not particularly warm, but an advertising agent is used to perseverance in the face of discouragement, buoyed up by the knowledge that he is the advance agent of prosperity for all who will listen to his counsel and follow his instructions. There was the usual argument between Mr. Armour and Mr. Lord which was about to end in the usual way, when the packer incautiously went beyond his depth by saying:

How P. D. Armour was Converted

"ARMOUR & CO. don't have to advertise. Our goods are known and appreciated by every man in the trade."

"So they are, Mr. Armour. But they are not known by the consumers."

"What difference does that make as long as the jobber and retailer know and sell them?"

"It makes this difference: A woman comes into a grocery store to buy beef extract. You make good beef extract, but she never heard of it because you've not advertised it. She *has* heard of some other extract which *has* been advertised, and she naturally asks for it. The grocer at first may try to push your product, but he'll soon grow tired of that, for the woman doesn't know it and doesn't want it. Do you think that grocer is going to wear out his gray matter for you? Not much. He's going to give that woman and all his other customers what they want. Your extract is going to lie on his shelf until the wrappers are soiled and the stuff is unsalable. Then you have to replace it. What you want to do is to educate the women into asking for Armour's extract. That you can only do by advertising."

Mr. Armour, whose figure was large and rotund, had a peculiar way of sticking out his stomach and putting his thumbs in his trousers pocket when he became interested. He struck this attitude soon after Mr. Lord got his new lead, and remained perfectly quiet until the advertising agent had finished. Then he said:

"Young man, I believe you're right. It's never been put to me in that light before."

Mr. Lord walked out of the office with a contract for $10,000, the first money ever spent by Armour & Co. for printer's ink. Last year the firm spent in the neighborhood of $200,000.

This is often the course of advertising—it has fairly to be forced down the throat of the man who afterward makes millions out of it and who comes in the end to count it as the greatest money-making machine under his control. At times, however, it is the other way about, the new advertiser having hard work to get into print, because the experts consider him reckless. The best story in illustration of this is told of a man who, starting without a penny, died a millionaire.

An Ingenious Young Man of Augusta

IN 1870 the firm of George P. Rowell & Co., New York advertising agents, received an inquiry from Augusta, Maine, that, Mr. Rowell remarked to his partner, must have come "from either a fool or a knave." The preposterous thing this man wanted was to place an inch advertisement in all the principal publications throughout the country. To day such a proposition would not cause even a ripple in the least important advertising concern. But in 1870 such a thing had never been heard of. There were then no general lists of publications in existence. The few advertising agencies that were in business knew all about the papers in their immediate vicinities, but beyond that their knowledge was limited, both as to the class of publications and the rates charged for advertising. Nothing better illustrates the enormous strides that have been made in advertising within the last twenty-five years than this fact. The Augusta man was put off with an evasive answer. But he came back again as soon as the mails would carry, reiterating his demand. After several exchanges, Mr. Rowell finally wrote his correspondent that he evidently didn't know what he was asking; that the lists and estimates he required involved the expenditure of considerable time and money, and that the outlay required for such an undertaking was beyond the means of any man who did not have command of a very large fortune.

AN ADVERTISING AGENT IS USED TO PERSEVERANCE

In response to this information there came a letter from Augusta couched in very clean-cut terms. Whatever might be the state of mind in New York, the writer said, up in Augusta people always knew what they wanted before they asked for it, and he was no exception to this rule. In desperation, Mr. Rowell made up a partial list of papers whose rates he knew. Then he sent his Augusta friend a note that he felt would end the business. He told him that if he intended carrying out the "huge" project he had written about, the list submitted would of necessity have to be included. To cover this list would involve the expenditure of $1800. If the Maine man was in earnest he could show his good faith in the matter by sending check by return mail for this sum. Upon receipt of such a check, Mr. Rowell said, he should feel justified in going further, though that would require a personal interview. As promptly as the mails could travel there came a return letter and in this was a certified check for the amount asked. Also a curt request for the personal interview. The writer said he was too busy to come to New York, but having shown his good faith it was now up to Mr. Rowell to come to Augusta.

It was February, and particularly nasty weather. But under the circumstances there was nothing for the advertising agent to do but journey to Maine, where the thermometer ranged in the neighborhood of zero. Arriving in Augusta he put up his grip-sack at a hotel and then hunted up the address of the ambitious advertiser. He found a great barren room in which were seated a beardless boy of eighteen and three young women. There was no furniture in the room except an old desk, a couple of tables and some weather-beaten chairs. In one corner of the room was an alcove which had been transformed into a bin by means of some rough boards that ran half-way to the ceiling. Overflowing this bin were thousands of letters that had been opened. The young man and the girls were at work opening more letters. Mr. Rowell asked for his correspondent, and almost fainted when the boy said:

"That's my name."

When he had recovered his breath the advertising agent introduced himself, adding:

"I don't think that you're quite aware of the size of the contract you expect to undertake."

"Maybe not," snapped the youth. "But if there is anything in plain-spoken English I've tried to make myself reasonably clear. I've told you just what I want, and all I've had up to date in reply has been evasion."

That settled the argument. Mr. Rowell said he would return to his hotel and make out the list and estimates. He worked all that night and early next morning returned with his documents.

"What you want," he told his customer, "will cost $11,000. If you conclude to carry out the contract you will have to pay me $3200 cash in addition to the $1800 already sent, and undertake to send me $500 a week regularly until the contract is completed."

"All right. Just sit down. I'll be back in a few minutes."

In less than five minutes the youth was back and presented the astonished New Yorker with a certified check for $3200. "Now," said he, "go ahead for goodness' sake."

The Washing-Powder Scheme

GREAT as had been Mr. Rowell's surprise up to this time, what followed was still more remarkable. The advertisement the young man desired him to place called for agents to sell a washing-compound recipe. This recipe, in the shape of a printed slip, was sent to those who responded for one dollar. There was nothing to prevent the agent to whom the recipe was sent from having any number of copies printed, except an implied contract which the advertiser sent when he accepted the agent's services. Under the terms of this contract the agent was told that he bound himself not to use this recipe on his own account, but to buy such copies of it as he could sell from the Augusta man, who on his part agreed to furnish the slips in lots of one hundred at twenty-five cents apiece. Apparently a more reckless and absurd proposition was never launched. Yet that it paid was made evident when the young man walked into Mr. Rowell's office the following summer and executed another contract, this time for $30,000, on which he paid $10,000 in cash on the spot.

Afterward this man and his washing-compound recipe became known in every publication office in the country. He was the pioneer in the enormous publication business that has for many years flourished in Augusta. The business which he founded has come to be one of the main industries of the place, and out of the rank of the men whom he trained and who followed in his footsteps have come Governors, Senators and Representatives. He went from washing recipes to pictures, and from pictures to almost everything else, extending the scope of his advertising every year. He died while still a very young man, at the Parker House, in Boston, leaving an estate valued at more than a million dollars.

He also left as a legacy an endless series of troubles for the post-office authorities. The papers that he founded and those founded by his imitators, had for their main object the sale of the goods handled by the publishers. They were circulated by the million, but as their paid subscriptions were generally less than half the number sent out, the post-office authorities were kept constantly on the jump to see that the regulations governing this class of matter were enforced.

OUR AMERICAN SNOBS

"THE CHILDREN HAVE FOUND OUT WHO WE ARE AND THE LITTLE BOYS WON'T DANCE WITH HER"

By James L. Ford

THE FOLLY OF PRETTY LITTLE MRS. FOXGLOVE, WHO SAVED AND SCRIMPED TO SEND HER DAUGHTER TO A SCHOOL WHERE, OF COURSE, THE DESIRABLE CHILDREN ALL SNUBBED HER

WHEN, moved to virtuous indignation by her recital of little Alice's sufferings, I told Mrs. Foxglove that I wondered why an all-wise God should see fit to send children to a woman capable of defiling their few years of joyous innocence with the foul rites of brazen-calf worship, she burst into a flood of tears and buried her head in the cushions of Mrs. Catnip's principal drawing-room sofa.

Now, it is a great mistake to imagine that women's tears flow readily on slight provocation. It is true that they frequently accompany sudden or unexpected or apparently causeless bursts of emotion, but in every case these are called forth by something deeper and of longer standing than the hasty word or harsh reproof which serves as the ostensible cause of grief. Therefore I regarded this tempestuous manifestation of woe with conscience undisturbed, knowing perfectly well that my words, so far from causing grief, had merely given welcome release to the pent-up flood of feeling that had been accumulating ever since the real cause began.

As a general thing, Mrs. Foxglove's tears are quickly dried, but this time she wept so long and violently that in order to beguile the time I took up a pack of cards and entered upon an absorbing game of solitaire. Just as I had reached an almost hopeless point, at which nothing but the miraculous appearance of the ten of spades would save the game, Mrs. Foxglove lifted her head from the sofa cushion and exclaimed: "You men are all alike, every one of you! You call yourselves our friends and there's not one of you can understand or appreciate the sacrifices we have to make for our children. Oh, you're all just the same. It's not the first time I've had such a thing as that said to me."

"In that case, my dear Mrs. Foxglove," I said soothingly, "permit me to felicitate you on the unusual good fortune which has put you in possession of another friend besides myself who is capable of telling you the cold truth."

At this conciliatory remark she rose and left the room and I heard her running upstairs at the top of her speed, while I went on with my game—a hopeless one now, I feared, for the ten of spades had not even yet appeared—and wondered who her other friend might be. There is a tall, grave-looking man who comes to see Mrs. Foxglove now and then, and is a notable figure in our little household by reason of the lofty courtesy of his manner and his pronounced Southern accent—Mrs. Foxglove seems to have lost nearly all of hers. Possibly he was the honest friend—and just then the tardy ten of spades, the Grouchy of the pack, showed its welcome face and I forgot the tall Southerner in the fascination of solitaire.

That very afternoon I related the story of little Alice Foxglove to a woman of my acquaintance who is looked upon at our table with wholesome awe as a leader of the Four Hundred—and little do Mrs. Taffeta and Mrs. Grinders suspect that the name of the modest and observant philosopher who pens these lines has a place on her list. This woman expressed no surprise at the behavior of the children—among whom is her own snarling, blotchy-faced daughter—but she did say that in her opinion the school was a poor one.

"My Marie is the quickest child at figures you ever saw," she said, beginning her tale of woe. "I'll bet there ain't a child in that whole school that can add and subtract and multiply like Marie, and yet the first week she was there they only gave her seven in mathematics instead of ten that she ought to have had. I didn't say anything about it, but the next week she got six and the next seven again, and so on until it got down to five. Then I got mad and drove down there and said to the principal, 'Now look here, Mr. Man, I'll bet you haven't a child in your school that's as smart at figures as my little Marie, and I want to know what's the reason she only gets five and six and seven instead of ten.'

"He got scared right away the minute he saw I was in earnest, and he went off and looked into some account books and talked to one of the other teachers, and then he came back and said it was all a mistake, that Marie should have had ten every week, and so I made him give me some new reports with ten in mathematics marked on each one. At first I thought that would make it all right, but when I came to read the reports all over again and found how the poor little thing had only got five and six and sometimes even four or three in history and French and the other studies, I said to myself: 'How do I know but what they've been making mistakes in those studies, too?'

"I guess I'll take her out anyway and have a governess teach her at home. There's all sorts of young ones going to that school now they've got a reputation, and Heaven only knows who she's associating with there day after day."

I am certain to be asked for the real name and address of the school which I have designated as the Nickel-Plush, but I shall not give it because I do not wish it to gain the patronage of any more women like the one who is deliberately teaching her child to turn her back on the genuine society of a Southern city and scratch for "desirable" acquaintances among the riffraff pitchforked together by Park Row.

The words of my friend of the Four Hundred made a deep impression on me, and late that afternoon as I sat before my open-grate fire waiting for the supper bell to ring I wondered how many women in the country were sending their children to such schools as the Nickel-Plush in the silly belief that they would there acquire a desirable circle of friends or even an education. Contemplation of this sorrowful subject suggested to my mind an idea that has since taken permanent root there, and which one of these days I may be able to carry out in practical fashion. I wondered whether a college for the education of parents is not more seriously needed in this country than new endowments for the instruction of youth.

That there is great need in this country for such a college—or, better still, for some reformatory institution for the benefit of parents who are confirmed worshipers of the brazen calf—is amply proved by the manner in which these idolaters, who are numbered by the hundreds of thousands if not by the millions, deliberately bring up their children in the worship of this loathsome brassy image.

From their very earliest years the children of the calf worshipers are duly impressed with the importance of that august body, the Four Hundred, whose comings and goings are discussed in their presence at every hour of the day. If there is a fashionable ball or assembly of any kind, it is certain to be the one topic of conversation at the breakfast-table the next morning; if Mrs. de Peyster-Berwick leaves Newport for a short business trip to Oklahoma the matter is thoroughly threshed out at the breakfast-table by the adults of the family, and in case of an extensive or imposing exodus of fashionables I have no doubt that the youngsters are kept home from school in order that they may thoroughly master this important branch of learning. I am sure that the loving, calf-worshiping mother knows of no more beautiful spectacle than that of her innocent child lifting its curly head from the crib and cooing over the list of guests at the Vanastorbilt masquerade ball, to which not one member of the family has been bidden.

In deciding to what school her offspring shall be sent the prudent mother writes for half a dozen school catalogues and studies the list of pupils and parents before looking at the curriculum. That schoolmasters are thoroughly aware of this practice is plainly evidenced by the manner in which most of these catalogues are prepared.

And when the hour of parting comes the modern mother sheds no tears, invokes no blessing, and wastes no time in bidding her children study hard and be good, as was the fashion in an elder day. On the contrary, the infants flutter away from the home nest with their little minds filled with the importance of cultivating the friendship of such of their fellow-pupils as can boast of names that enjoy an honored place in the chronicles of contemporary society, and, so long as they become dutiful little snobs, their delinquencies are likely to be viewed by their parents with amiable tolerance.

There are some who will smile at the absurdity of all this, but I feel more like weeping than laughing at this hideous spectacle of desecrated childhood. It is not funny, according to my sense of humor, to see a boy who ought to be sliding downhill or playing baseball endeavoring to build up what his mother calls "a desirable acquaintance" on the playground, while little girls of nine get names for their dolls out of the Social Register.

The mere thought of all the vileness that must come in later years as an aftermath to this custom of initiating infants into the mysteries of brazen-calf worship brings back to my mind the idea of a parents' college; and yet I doubt if any course of study that could be devised would convince the average calf worshiper that she cannot select fit companions for her child simply by comparing the names on the catalogue with those on the society page. The woman who once abandons herself to a belief in the potency of the sacrificial rites of brazen-calf worship will go down into her grave reaffirming her faith in the school-catalogue scheme of friendships.

Editor's Note—This is the second paper in Mr. Ford's series. The next will appear in an early number.

I know of more than one school of high reputation that has degenerated into a perfect hotbed of snobbery and caddishness through the influence of calf-worshiping parents, and fully ninety-nine school catalogues out of one hundred fairly reek of it. Moreover, I honestly believe that if Miss Birdfood were to advertise, "Snobbery taught in all its branches," "The catechism of the Four Hundred recited every morning," "Special course in how to get into society," and the whole adorned with an effigy of a calf in gleaming brass, she would have even more pupils on her waiting list than she has now.

But what can be expected of children whose parents are not ashamed to fill their little heads with Park Row's sensational garbage about millionairedom? I myself have heard a mother read aloud in the presence of her own children one of those disgusting and idiotic millionaire articles with which our Sunday papers are overloaded. This one was from my own paper, the Planet, and was entitled, "Cradles in which the Children of the Four Hundred Sleep"; it was illustrated with pictures of cradles taken from the convenient pages of a furniture catalogue, and purporting to be those in which the various infantile members of our aristocracy found nightly rest. This silly woman read the article aloud from beginning to end, and directed the attention of her little ones to the different cradles with such idiotic remarks as "My, Katie! just look at where the little Vanastorbilt baby sleeps. Ain't that grand? Don't you wish your papa would get one like that for little sister Emily?" or, "Jest look at that, children! that cradle cost two thousand dollars, and that's real lace it's got on to it. That's the way they do things in gilt-edged society. I suppose every one of those young ones has a servant to follow her around and pick up everything she drops. My, but that's the way I'd like to live once."

And the mother who will sit gawking over the millionaire stories in the Sunday paper will not hesitate to drag the joys of Christmas Day, that most delightful of domestic feasts, down to the same wretchedly sordid level by continually prating about the cost of things. A very little imbecile talk of this kind will suffice to rob the children's Christmas gifts of their chief charm, and to instil into the mind of one who has been made happy with a new toy the poison of discontent because it did not cost as much as the gold watch that the Sunday paper says—backing up its assertion with a reproduction from a jeweler's catalogue—was found in the toe of the silken stocking—see picture taken from hosiery catalogue—of little Gertie Vanastorbilt

Is it not a crime to strip from the Christmas token every particle of the love and self-sacrifice which makes it beautiful and leave bare to the gaze of childhood the dross of which it is made? There are even those to whom the tradesman's countersign is a matter of greater moment than anything else, and who will tell you that "John gave me an elegant watch from Squiffany's," and "the flowers that Charley sent were from Quorley's," and "that night we were invited to an elegant dinner to the Nickel-Plush." There must be something innately vulgar and sordid in the mind that forgets the affection that prompted the gift in contemplation of the glamour of a trade-mark.

There are certain phases of child life in the ranks of the Four Hundred which I am happy to say are not discussed in the columns of the press as freely as if they were matters that related merely to the cost of things. Now and then I hear stories of the "fast pace" set by certain favored youngsters of well-advertised society, and whenever I hear of a parcel of boys of thirteen dining in evening dress and befuddling themselves with champagne, or of the supposedly humorous but really pathetic story of the little girls who "collected old silver" instead of seashells, or of some pampered child of fourteen who loses a hundred dollars at bridge, I feel like asking why it is that the brazen calf can make no better return for all our adoration than to beckon Time on and call upon Old Age to quicken his lagging steps.

And with this deliberate perversion of the infant mind going on year after year in all parts of the land, with parents teaching their progeny to prostrate themselves in open idolatry before the brazen calf, with the instructors of youth deliberately pandering to all this vileness and turning their schools into hotbeds of snobbery, it is a blessed relief to know that in our colleges and universities there are other gods besides this one of baser metal. It makes the heart glad to learn that in Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Williams the most sought-after men are not those whom the social philosopher would place in the ranks of the "desirable," and that in the eyes of the average undergraduate it is a much greater and nobler thing to pull stroke, even on a losing crew, or to be pounded into insensibility by the victorious eleven, than to be numbered among the gods of a false and silly worship

Just before supper Mrs. Foxglove came into the drawing-room where I was warming my hands and said timidly: "I was foolish this afternoon, but I was feeling badly about something that Alice told me. You see, I've been saving up for so long to send her to the Nickel-Plush Dancing School, and this winter she started in and thought she was going to have a splendid time. It's the very best school in the city, you know, and only the very nicest children are taken there. They didn't want to take Alice at first because we're not society people, but when they found I was writing fashions they consented. Well, yesterday she came to me and wanted me to take her out, although she's only been to four classes and I paid in advance for twelve. The children have found out who we are and the little boys won't dance with her. It was never that way in the South. There the child had just as many partners as she wanted and everybody knew we were poor. Why, Alice says that one of the little boys told her he'd ask her to dance if he dared, but his mother was there watching him and he had to dance with the children whose fathers were rich and belonged to the Four Hundred."

"In the name of Heaven——" I began, and then stopped short, realizing that it would be easier to convince a Brahmin priest of the worthlessness of his faith than to destroy this sweet, trusting woman's belief in "desirable" people.

"What were you about to say?" she inquired in the tone of a martyr at the stake who hopes to be asked to recant in order that she may for the last time declare her faith before all men. Before I could frame a reply she went on:

"If you had a child to bring up wouldn't you like to have her associate with refined, well-bred people?"

"I certainly should," I replied, "and that is precisely why I should keep her out of the Nickel-Plush Dancing Academy and the Nickel-Plush School."

"I should think," she said reproachfully, "that as a New Yorker you would be ashamed to speak in such a way of the best society of your own city."

"Best society!" I cried, as the light broke in upon my brain; "I hope that you as an American have not been deluded into the belief that this city of wealth and progress and education and achievement, this lodestar of the Western Hemisphere, can offer nothing better in a social way than Mr. Tommy Timpson and the rest of the notorieties that we manufacture in the Planet office."

"Why, the papers all say that these people lead society——" And just then the supper bell rang and I went down to the table wondering if it would be a possible thing for me to open the eyes of this woman to the absurdity of her beliefs, and rescue poor, sensitive, gentle little Alice, whose pitiful story made me cry whenever I thought of it, from the clutches of the "desirable" young imps who were making her childhood a miserable instead of a happy one.

GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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XVI

AT CHICAGO Barney came down the platform to meet Frothingham. "Here you are!" he exclaimed. "Six months in the country but not a bit changed. And if an American goes over to your side and stays a week he has to learn the language all over again when he gets back."

It was still daylight and Barney told his coachman to drive home by way of "the store"—the great "Barney and Company Emporium—seventy stores and a bank, three restaurants, a nursery and an emergency hospital, all under one roof." Frothingham watched the throngs pouring torrentlike through the cañons made by the towering buildings. "Don't it remind you of New York?" asked Barney.

"Yes—and no," he replied. It seemed to him in the comparison that New York was a titanic triumph, Chicago a titanic struggle; New York a finished or at least definite creation, Chicago a chaos in convulsion. There was in the look and the noise of it an indefinable menace which oppressed him, filled him with vague uneasiness. When Barney told him the site of it was a swamp a few years before, he thought of a fairy story his nurse had told him—of a magic city that used to rise from an enchanted morass at dusk, live a single night and vanish with the dawn. And as the daylight waned, he wondered whether this inchoate, volcanic unreality of a city would not soon be again engulfed in the bosom of the swamp. But he began to note here and there traces of form, civilized form, peering from the chaos to indicate the trend of the convulsion—that it was upward, not downward.

"It is—tremendous," said Frothingham. "Is it bigger than New York?"

"No," Barney reluctantly answered. Then he added with curious, defiant energy: "But it *will* be! And it's American, which New York ain't. It's full of people that think for themselves and do as they d——n please. We ain't got many apes out here. We run more to humans."

They were now driving past Barney and Company's—a barracklike structure, towering story on story from a huge base bounded by four streets, where surged a seemingly insane confusion of men, women, children, horses, vans, automobiles, articulate in the demoniac voices of boys shrieking extras and drivers bawling oaths. And the sky blackened suddenly and from the direction of the lake came a storm, cruelly cold, bitter as hate, seizing the struggling, swearing, shouting mass of men and animals, lashing them with whips of icy rain and pelting them with bullets of hail.

"That's my little place," said Barney.

"It's—tremendous," was all Frothingham could say. The "Emporium" and its surroundings dazed him. He muttered under his breath, "And it's hell."

Barney told the story of creation as it read for him. He had been a drummer for a suspender house—eighteen hundred a year for touring the cities and towns of northern Indiana and Illinois; four thousand dollars put by after twelve years of toil; eyes ever alert for a chance to go into business on his own account. One of his towns was Terre Haute—he called it Terry Hut. In it was a dry-goods shop kept by a man named Meakim. Barney found that, of all the retailers he visited, Meakim was by far the shrewdest, the most energetic, and, above all, that he had an amazing talent for "dressing" his show windows and show cases. He persuaded Meakim to sell out and adventure Chicago with him. They set up in a small way and in an obscure corner. But both toiled; Barney was shrewd and almost sleepless, and Meakim "dressed" the windows and displayed the goods on and over the counters. They prospered, spread too rapidly for their capital, failed, gathered themselves together, prospered again. "I've built three stores in fourteen years," said Barney. "This last one was finished only five years ago—the year Meakim died. And already it's too small—we're moving our wholesale department to another building."

"I ALWAYS FEEL LIKE A STRANDED FISH IN THESE TOGS"

Presently they were in Michigan Avenue and at Barney's house. It was a mass of Indiana limestone which he—with the assistance of a builder, audaciously "branched out" as an architect—had fashioned into a fantastic combination of German mediæval fortress and Italian renaissance villa. "Here's where I live," said Barney as the carriage stopped before the huge doors studded with enormous bronze nails. "And don't you dare back up Nelly when she jeers about it. She says she can't look at it without laughing or come into it without blushing. I suppose it *is* no good, in the way of art. But it keeps out the rain, and that's the main point in a house, ain't it?"

As he was getting out his keys the door was opened by a maid in a black dress, a white apron and cap. "Jessie," said he, in a tone which suggested that she might be his daughter, "this is the Earl of Frothingham, and I want you to take good care of him and of the young man who's coming with his trunks"

Frothingham took off his hat and bowed vaguely to the maid, who smiled cordially. "I'll show you your room," she said.

"Never mind, Jessie," interrupted Barney. "You needn't bother. I'll take him up myself. But I know everything's all right—Nelly looked after that."

Frothingham was impressed by the astonishing difference between the exterior and the interior of the house. He felt at home at once in this interior—handsome, cheerful, the absurd splendors of the architect-builder's devising softened into comfort and good taste. "We thought you'd like your young man near you," explained Barney, "so we put a bed in the dressing-room."

"Thank you," replied Frothingham. "This is charming."

"Nelly knows her business." Barney's good-natured face with its many dignifying scars from his wars with destiny beamed paternal enthusiasm. "You needn't dress for dinner unless you want to," he went on. "I never do unless we have company or I go out somewhere to something swell and formal. Wickham sometimes does and sometimes don't."

"I think I'll dress, if you don't mind," said Frothingham diplomatically.

"Suit yourself. This is Liberty Hall. We ain't got any rules." He looked at his watch. "That clock on the mantel there is four minutes fast. It's seven minutes to seven by the right time. We're having dinner at half-past seven, but you can come down just as soon as you feel like it."

Frothingham descended at five minutes before the dinner hour and found Nelly alone in the front parlor. Superficially she was like the women he had met in the Eastern cities. Like them she was dressed in a gown obviously imported from Paris; like them she wore it as only American and French women wear their clothes. He saw instantly that she was a well bred girl of a most attractive American type. She was tall and long of limb—her arms were almost too long. She had a great deal of dark brown hair shading fascinatingly into black here and there. She had dark eyes—not brown, as he at first glance thought, but dark gray—a humor-loving mouth, a serious brow, a clear, delicate, olive skin. As she and Frothingham were shaking hands, her father and her brother entered—the brother, Wickham, a huge fellow, topping his father by several inches and having his father's keen, good-natured dark gray eyes and his father's features, except that the outline was more refined without being less strong.

Barney put his arm round his daughter and, with a foolish-fond expression, said: "Didn't I tell you, Frothingham? Wasn't I right?"

If Frothingham had been new to "the States" he would have thought this the strongest kind of a bid for him to enter the family. But he understood the American character in its obvious phases now. "The old chap's mad about her," was all Barney's speech suggested to him. "And," he admitted to himself, "I think he has reason to be. She's got the look I like." He noted the humorous comment on her father's flattery in Nelly's dark eyes, as he examined her through his eyeglass with ostentatiously critical minuteness. "Quite up to the mark, I should say," he replied with polite audacity, adding, "though I don't pretend to be an expert."

"You see, I did put on my dress suit, after all," said Barney, looking down at his old fashioned, ill-fitting evening clothes. "The children would have it. I always feel like a stranded fish in these togs. You see, I never wore 'em in my life till I was past forty."

Wickham looked a little nervously at Frothingham; Nelly was smiling with frank amusement. Then Wickham looked ashamed of himself—but he carefully observed the peculiar stripes down the legs of Frothingham's trousers and the curious cut of his waistcoat and coat—"I must find out who's his tailor," he thought. "Poole don't send me over the real thing. I wish I dared wear a monocle. It's a whole outfit of brains and manners by itself. I don't believe he takes it out, even at night."

A maid announced dinner—not "Dinner is served" but "Dinner, Mr. Barney." And Barney jumped up with, "I'm glad to hear it. I'm hungry as a wolf" The dining-room was done in old English fashion—and the dinner, too, though an American would have called it the American fashion. The feature of its four courses was a huge roast, set before Barney on a great platter, with a mighty carving-knife like a simitar and a fork like a two-pronged spit. Barney himself carved—an energetic performance, lacking in grace perhaps, but swift and sure. On the table between him and the platter was a pile of plates. He put a slice of the roast into the top plate and the waitress removed it, carried it to Nelly's place and set it down. This was repeated until all were served.

Frothingham watched Barney's movements attentively, surprised that any of the American upper classes condescended to eat in such simplicity. He was almost startled when a bottle of wine was brought, for he had not forgotten Barney's denunciation of drink and drinkers. He had seen so many concessions of real or reputed principle for his benefit since he had been moving about in American "high life" that he was somewhat cynical as to principle in America. But he had not expected to find this degree, or even kind, of weakness in Barney. "He told me he wouldn't permit the stuff to come into his house," he thought, laughing to himself. Then he noticed that none of the family drank it. One taste was enough for him—"No wonder he's opposed to wine," he said to himself. Then aloud: "If you don't mind, I'll just take whisky—a little Scotch."

Barney showed amused embarrassment; Nelly and Wickham laughed. "We don't have anything to drink," she explained. "Father doesn't approve. But he told us you'd been brought up differently—that you must have wine. So we've got wine, but there isn't any whisky."

Frothingham looked vague—he was relieved to find that his friend Barney was not quite so weak as he had feared. "It doesn't in the least matter," he replied. "I shall get on famously with this."

"I'll take you down to the club after a while," said Wickham, "and you can have all you want. And to-morrow—eh, father?"

"Yes—yes—of course," answered Barney. "I never do try to put on style that I don't get left."

He winked at one of the maids significantly and when she drew near and bent her head, whispered to her. She left the dining-room; in about five minutes she reappeared with a decanter of Scotch, a tall glass, a bowl of ice and a bottle of mineral water on her tray.

"Why, father!" exclaimed Nelly, "where did that come from?"

Barney beamed, triumphant. "We've got neighbors, haven't we?"

"But what *will* they think of you?" she asked, pretending to be shocked

"I don't know—and I don't care," he answered. "I never did spend much time in worrying about what my neighbors thought of me. Probably that's why we're here, and not in the poorhouse."

After dinner Frothingham stayed with Nelly in the parlor instead of going to the club with Wickham. He had found many girls in America who thought they were natural or who affected naturalness as a pose; but here was the first girl, it so happened, who was really natural, without thinking anything about it. She had all the charm of the girls of his own country for him—he liked ingenuousness; and in addition she had the charm of knowledge. She knew the world, but she looked at it with ingenuous eyes—and he would not have believed this a possible combination. "How do these Americans manage it?" he said to himself. "Her father comes from well down in the lower classes, yet he has all the assurance of an aristocrat. And as for the girl, she reminds me of Evelyn—and Gwen"

"Do you know," he said to her, "you don't suggest an American girl at all—that is, you do and you don't. You women over here are cleverer than ours, but a good many of 'em lack a certain something—a—I don't know just what to call it. It seems to me that—well, they are ladies, of course. But many of 'em—not all—but a great many of those I've chanced to meet—make me feel as if they were not exactly sure of themselves, as if they were trying to live up to something they'd read about or seen somewhere. I don't know that I make myself clear."

"Perfectly," replied Nelly. "You mean that they act as if they weren't satisfied with being the kind of lady they were born, and are trying to be some other kind—and don't succeed at it especially well."

"Exactly," said Frothingham. "I feel like saying to them, 'Oh, come now, chuck it, won't you, and let's see what you're really like!' But you—you remind me of our women, except that you're not ghastly dull as most of 'em are. Gad, they sit about in the country until they're feeble-minded. After a certain age, about all there is left of 'em is the match-making instinct. You'd understand if you'd been over there."

"I have been there," answered Nelly. "I spent more than a year in Europe—nearly half of it in your country. I liked it, but—well, one likes one's own country best, of course."

"I thought you American women preferred the other side."

"Oh, a few of us do—those who aren't happy unless they have somebody bowing and scraping to them, or are bowing and scraping to somebody. You know, the poor we have always with us—the poor in spirit as well as the other kind of poor."

Before they had talked an hour Frothingham felt that the outlook for his campaign in the Barney house was not promising. Nelly was frank and friendly, and he saw that she liked him. But there was something in her atmosphere which made him know that she cared little for the things which were everything to him and which must be everything to the woman he might hope to win. He feared that she was not for him. "She ain't in my class—or, perhaps I'd better say, I ain't in hers."

When Wickham came, at half past ten, she left them. After suppressing yawns for fifteen minutes he said: "I'm off to bed. I was at a dance last night and owe myself five hours' sleep. You see, father and I get up at half-past six. We have to be at the store at eight."

At the store! At eight! "And he hasn't in the least the look of that sort of chap," thought Frothingham. As for rising at half-past six, one might do it to hunt or shoot. But to do it morning after morning "merely to set a lot of bounders to selling a lot of cloth"—preposterous!

V

AFTER a few days of Chicago Frothingham felt utterly out of place. There were no idlers, no idling places. To idle meant to sit in lonely boredom.

Barney and his son were busy all day—they grudged the half-hour of that precious time of theirs which they spent at luncheon. Nelly, too, had her work—some sort of a school she was running, away off somewhere in the poorer part of the town. He was sensitive enough soon to discover, in spite of her courtesy, that he was interrupting her routine seriously and was in the way to becoming a burden. He saw as much of her as he dared—she had for him a charm that became the more difficult to resist as his hope of winning her decreased. He relieved her of himself during her busy hours so tactfully that she did not suspect him of penetrating what she honestly tried to conceal.

He betook himself to the club. It was usually deserted; if a man did enter, he raced through and away as if pursued by demons; at luncheon all ate as if struggling for a prize offered to him who should chew the least, swallow the fastest and finish the soonest. He called on the women he met—they were out or just going out, or just coming in to busy themselves at home.

In New York, Boston, Washington he had thought the leisure class a lame imitation of the European class of industrious, experienced idlers, had found it small and peculiarly unsatisfactory because its men were inferior to its women in numbers and especially in brains. But here—there wasn't a pretense of a leisure class except the loungers in the parks. "This is a howling wilderness," he said to himself. "I should be better off in a desert. These lunatics make my head swim."

Wherever he went, all seemed possessed of and pursued by fever-demons. If it was a dinner, the diners were eager to dispatch it. The courses were served swiftly, the waiters snatching one's plate if he for a second ceased the machine-like lifting of food; the conversation was nervous and in the shrill tones of acute mental excitement. Words were cut short and slapped together almost incoherently. Sentences were left unfinished, the speaker leaping on to another sentence or submerged by the breaking of the flimsy speech-dam of the person he was addressing. Often all were talking at the same time. "Surely you can listen as you talk," said a woman to whom he complained. "Think how much time it saves!"

If it was a dance, the orchestra detonated the notes like cartridges from a Maxim gun; the dancers whirled or raced furiously. "Why this hurry?" he gasped to a handsome, powerful girl who had dragged him round a ballroom twice, had flung him into a chair and was dashing away with another man to finish the waltz

"I've got to catch the train for the millennium," she screamed back over her shoulder and disappeared in the maelstrom

Even at the play the audience shuffled uneasily while the players sped through their lines or the orchestra rattled off the between-the-acts music; and afterward all rushed from the theatre as if it were afire. The blank expression habitual to Frothingham's face was no longer a disguise; it was a reflection of his internal state.

"I must get out of this," he said to himself at the end of two weeks. "The disease may be catching. Now I understand that fellow who went from here to tear London up by the roots and put in his tuppenny tubes. A Chicagoan should be barred from a country like any other plague." And he wrote his sister that he was "beginning to twitch with the Chicago disease."

Evelyn had written him regularly—a letter by each Wednesday's steamer. She had put a brave face upon their affairs, had tried to make him picture life at Beauvais House as smooth, almost happy. But he had more than suspected that a far different story ran between the lines; and when she wrote that she had engaged herself to Charley Sidney he understood.

Seven months before he would have grumbled and cursed, and would have accepted the sacrifice. Now, it roused in him a fierce protest, a feeling of abhorrence of which he would not have been capable before he visited America—and the Barneys. "She sha'n't sell herself to that creeping cad," he said, and on impulse he cabled: "Sidney impossible and unnecessary. You must break it. Answer."

The answer came later: "Shall do as you wish."

Instead of being relieved he repented his impulse, wondered where it had come from, fell into a profound depression. Seven months of stalking; nothing to show for it but three ridiculous, sickening misses. And here he was with an empty bag; and what little heart he once had for the game was gone; in its place a disgust for it and for himself. "How Nelly Barney would scorn me if she knew what a creature I am!" he said. He was now thinking a great deal on the subject of Nelly Barney's standards for men and also on the subject of Nelly Barney as a standard for women. In neither direction did he find any encouragement. He knew her through being in the same house with her day after day, through seeing her at all hours and in all moods—and she never made the slightest attempt to conceal her real self. He felt that such a woman could not be attracted by his title, would not be likely to be attracted by himself; he felt that she was at the same time more worth the winning than any other woman he knew in America—"Yes, or in England," he confessed to himself at last.

"What a pity, what a beastly, frightful shame," he thought. "She's got everything that I must have, and everything that I want, too."

But he had only twelve hundred dollars left, including the thousand from Wallingford. "I must have gone clean mad," he exclaimed whenever he wasn't with her and was alone with his affairs. Finally he was able to goad himself into dashing feverishly about in Chicago society. He sought the set she avoided—it was to him an additional charm in her that she did avoid it, for he had at bottom the extra-prim ideas of women which have never lost their hold upon Englishmen. There was, however, no alternative to seeking this set. He thought it the only one in which he was likely to succeed—those among the fashionable young women of the rich families who carried the "free and easy" pose in speech and manner to the point where it looked far worse to a foreigner than it really was, who laughed and talked noisily in public, who wore very loud and very clinging dresses, very big hats and very light shoes.

The newspapers gave him columns of free advertising and, with the Barneys vouching for him and "Wick" Barney pushing him, he immediately became a figure. Some of the young women of the "lively" set pursued him with an ardor which he would have mistaken when he first landed for evidence of serious attachment or intentions. But he had learned something of the ways of American flirts, married and single, and he had had experience of that American curiosity as to foreigners of rank which he had at first regarded as the frankest kind of title-worship.

Presently he found a girl he thought he could not be mistaken in fancying he could get—Jane or Jenny (Jeanne, she wrote it) Hooper, the daughter of that famous Amzi Hooper whose "Hooper's High-class Hams" and "Hooper's Excelsior Dressed Beef and Beef Extract" are trumpeted from newspaper, bill board and blank wall throughout the land.

Her older sister had married a Papal duke under the impression that he was a noble of ancient and proud family. To her horror, to her family's humiliation and to her friends' hilarity it came out that the Duke of Valdonomia was the son of a Swiss hog-packer of as humble origin as Amzi Hooper and of less than one-fifth his wealth. The family longed to possess a genuine nobleman, and Jane—a devourer of the English novels which are written by the middle classes for the middle classes about the upper classes—seemed to be in sympathy with her father's and mother's ambition and keenly eager to become a "real lady." It was assumed by her set that Frothingham had come for her—the newspapers hinted as much several times each week.

But Frothingham, grown extraordinarily sensitive, shied at the amazing high heels on which she tottered like a cripple, at the skinlike fit of her clothes, at the suspicious brilliance of her cheeks and blackness of her brows and lashes. Whenever she spoke to him suddenly in her shrill dialect he felt as if a file had been drawn across his pneumogastric nerve. And she constantly used a slang expression which seemed to him—in her—the essence of vulgarity. She could not speak ten sentences without saying that she or somebody or everybody had nearly or quite "thrown a fit."

It struck him as a biting irony of Fate that the woman whom of all he knew well in America he least approved should be the one who was frankly throwing herself at his head in his hour of desperation. When he learned that her father was an Englishman born and bred in the "lower middle class," he felt that he had solved the problem of the family's eagerness to get him. "That's why the old beggar almost cringes as he talks to me," he said to himself. "Confound their impudence!" And the next time he met Hooper he treated him not as an American and an equal, but as an Englishman and an inferior. And Amzi at once fell into his "place," just as a car horse, though elevated to be a coach horse, will halt at one ring of a bell. "It's in the blood," thought Frothingham. "It can't be hid or got out." But—he didn't venture the experiment with the daughter.

The climax came one morning when he met her by chance in the Lake Park Drive. She was perched high on a red and gaudy collar. She was supremely happy. The most conspicuous girl in Chicago, driving with the most conspicuous man, in the most conspicuous trap and on the most conspicuous highway—what more could a young woman ask?

"Wonder why every one stares so?" she said with deliberate intent to provide an opening for compliment. She wished to hear him say the flattering things she was thinking about herself.

"I fancy they're staring at what I can't take my eyes off of," he replied. "You *do* look swift this morning."

"Swift! I don't like that." She was frowning. "You Englishmen come over here and think you can say what you please."

"I can't see where's the harm in telling a girl she's pretty and well got up, and looks a stunner."

"That isn't what 'swift' means in Chicago."

"Really! You don't say! That's what it means in [illegible]."

"But you're not in London."

"No." His tone strongly suggested a wish that he were.

HERE WAS THE FIRST GIRL WHO WAS REALLY NATURAL

black dog-cart in which she was driving a bay and a gray tandem. Her hat was the biggest he had seen her wear, and she was swathed in a silver gray dust-coat with a red embroidered collar. She stopped and invited him to join her.

"I needed you to complete my turnout," she said, when they were under way. Her dazzling smile took part of the edge off her unconscious insolence—or was it conscious? He found her a puzzle, with her flashes of good taste and flashes of good sense, with her wit that seemed accidental and her folly that seemed her real self.

He set his teeth and tried to think only of how much "I need her to complete *my* turnout," and of how pretty she was—for there was no denying her beauty, or her style for that matter, in spite of its efflorescence. He saw that every one was looking at them, but he did not appreciate that his own striking costume and his eyeglass were as magnetic as were her hat, her bright skin and her dust-coat with its

"Wouldn't it be jolly if this were Hyde Park!" she exclaimed.

He did not show enthusiasm at this—but then his face was made to suppress, not to express, emotion.

"I simply adore London," she went on.

"It ain't bad—for a while, now and then."

"There's so much atmosphere about London—I don't mean the fog and soot. Here, they're all crazy about making money and working and all those kind of things. Whereas, over there, everybody's for having a good time and—and all those kind of things. Sometimes I think I'll throw a fit if I don't get away from here."

He looked gloom, then brightened—yes, she was tremendously pretty, and her mouth was like a red ripe cherry; yes, she might be toned down into a fairly decent countess. "They're quick to adapt themselves, these American girls. The minute she sees Evelyn she'll begin to learn."

"I don't see how you stand it," she continued. "When are you going away? Not that I shu'n't be sorry—you've been awfully nice to me, and I like to see a really well-dressed man once in a while."

"Ah, I don't mind it here." He paused for full a minute, then said: "And I'd like it, you know, if I could take you with me when I go." He followed this speech with a slow turning of the head until his eyeglass was full upon her. "By Jove, her color's genuine," he said to himself.

She had been happy a few minutes before; now she was all thrills and palings and flushings of ecstasy. She glanced at her conquest with sparkling eyes and laughing lips. She made him forget what "bad form" he had been thinking her. "Is that a joke?" she asked, as if she were assuming that it was.

"We don't go in for joking about that sort of thing where I come from," he drawled.

"But you oughtn't to have said it here." She was radiant, but her hands were trembling—it seemed most romantic to her, quite like a chapter out of a novel. Genuine aristocracy, that not only recognized itself but also was recognized by everybody, seemed to her as dreamlike as fairyland.

"If you'll drive home I'll ask you again there," he continued.

And he did, and she accepted him; and he was half-way to Barney's before he came from the spell of her fresh young beauty and her frank admiration of him, and began to think of Nelly and to see Jeanne from Nelly's standpoint again. At that moment Jeanne was busily telephoning her engagement to her intimates, her head full of castles and coronets and crests and peeresses' robes. It seemed to her that she could not wait to begin her triumph—the congratulations of friends, the receptions, dinners, dances in honor of her and her fiancé, the flare of newspaper brasses, the big wedding, and the crescendo of her gorgeous entry into English society as Countess of Frothingham. Cinderella was no more enraptured when the prince lifted her from the ashes than was Jenny Hooper with her ill-fed and extravagant imagination, her ill-directed and energetic ambition, her ill-informed and earnest misconception of life and of "being somebody."

"And he's coming to see you to-morrow, Pa," she said to Amzi Hooper, after delighting his ears with the great news. "He says your consent is necessary before it's announced."

"I guess he and I won't quarrel over it, Jenny," replied her father. "If he suits you, I can stand him."

Frothingham came the next afternoon and made his formal request. Mr. Hooper shook hands with him cordially. "I guess my girl knows what she's about," said he. "I'm pleased to have you as a son."

"Thanks," replied Frothingham—he could not altogether banish from his manner the instinctive haughtiness of English upper class for English lower class. "When could you receive my representative? Or shall I send him to some one who represents you?"

Mr. Hooper looked embarrassed and rubbed his jawbone vigorously with his thumb and forefinger. "Yes—yes—certainly—any time you say. I'll talk to him myself. Can he come to-morrow? I don't think it'll take him long to satisfy me you're all right."

Frothingham stared, thinking "Blast his impudence!" He said only, "To-morrow, at eleven, then."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Autobiography of a Beggar

BY I. K. FRIEDMAN

Author of By Bread Alone, Etc.

The Honoluler Queen

I KIN tell yer I was mighty happy de day I struck orff de main road, an' found a gent in swimmin' an' his clothes in a lonely pile on shore. I takes 'em out ef pity an' leaves meh own rags an' a note sayin':

"Dese clothes has seen better days.
So will yourn.
"Yourn fer clothes, MOLLBUZZER."

I looks so respectuble, de clothes fittin' ez ef dey was jist wattin' dere fer meh, dat I goes ter de first farmhouse I seen an' tells how I missed meh train an' lost meh purse, an' axes fer ter be trusted fer a meal an' a bed

"All right," says de farmer; "yer looks strong."

"I am strong," answers I, "most de time, only now an' den on hot days I'm subjicted ter heart disease."

"Nothin' like work fer heart trouble," says he, pattin' his bulldorg on de back, "an' it's cool ter-day. Yer kin saw wood fer yer supper an' yer lodgin'."

I looks at de pile ef wood an' turns pale, an' I says, "Mr. Farmer, dat pile looks like six suppers an' a breakfust an' lodgin' ter match, so s'posen yer gives meh three dollars down an'——"

"Yer a cool one," says he.

"Well," I says, "yer needn't ef yer don't like. But I'll bet yer ten dollars agin yer cow an' de dorg an' a supper an' lodgin' dat I kin saw all ef de wood en thirty-four minutes by de clock."

"Impossible!" says he.

I takes orff meh coat an' vest an' throws 'em on de ground an' shouts, "Ef I ain't done in thirty-four minutes by de clock yer kin keep meh coat an' vest."

"How kin yer do it?" he axes. "Moses an' Aaron! it ain't possible!"

"I kin do it," I says, "by a continuerous flow ef 'lectric fluid dat pours from meh right skyeratiker nerve inter de steel ef de saw an' forms a congloumerous circuit wid de hypnertized wood."

"I never heard ef dat afore," says he; "it must be new."

"It is," I says. "I'm de inventor." An' I rubs meh right arm, pickin' up de saw an' droppin' it lightnin' quick

"Ouch!" I screams, "I got a 'lectric shock"

He looks at meh an' thinks an' scratches his head

"Come," says I, "I'll bet de ten dollars agin de dorg an' de cow an' supper an' lodgin' fer ter-night an' breakfust in de mornin'."

"You put up de ten first," says he

"I jist told yer, Mr. Farmer," says I, "dat I lost meh purse

"Den how kin yer pay meh ef yer loses?" he axes.

"I'll work it out," says I.

"But what fer does yer want de cow an' de dorg?" he axes, pullin' his long white whiskers an' lookin' serspicous, like farmers allus is.

"I kin ride home on de cow," I says, "an' keep de dorg busy a-keepin' de cow on de jump. Er maybe I kin sell 'em both back ter you."

"Yer a cool one," says he. "Go on an' saw."

Den I grabs de saw an' I sawed wid all meh might an' main fer five minutes, an' I kin tell yer dat I makes de fur fly. When de farmer seen what I done in dose five minutes he quits his grinnin' an' looks skeered. I was glad on it, fer I couldn't a-kep' it up three minutes longer. Den de blade cracks agin a nail, an' I stops an' yells:

"Did yer see dat?

"I did," says he; "what was it?"

"It was de 'lectric fluid," I says, "dat pours from meh right skyeratiker nerve inter de steel ef de saw an' forms a congloumerous circuit wid de hypnertized wood. It's beginnin' agin; I feels it comin' on full force. Maybe yer'd better stand back a piece"

"Hold on," he says; "maybe us had better call de bet orff, 'cause come ter think on it I don't need no help 'round here, an' yer ain't got de ten dollars, an' de cow might kill yer, an' de dorg wouldn't go away from here, anyways!

"Yer ought ter have told meh," I says, "afore I went to de pain an' de trouble ef workin' up de 'lectric fluid."

"Well," says he, "yer kin have yer supper an' breakfust an' lodgin' free."

"I am goin' ter law," I says, "fer de cow an' de dorg, 'cause I'd have won de bet. An' I'm goin' ter print a piece in de papers dat——"

"Moses an' Aaron!" shouts he, "keep it out ef de papers. I'll give yer four dollars an' den yer kin ride home on de cars, 'stead ef on de cow, which is quicker an' safer."

"Good," says I, a-shakin' hands; "we'll call her square."

"Don't tell meh wife," he says, givin' meh de four.

"I won't," I says, takin' it an' goin' inter de house fer supper. An' I eats enough fer a week, not takin' no chances on breakfust

"Does yer eat by de 'lectric fluid?" he whispers.

"Yes," says I, a-pitin' in; "it takes some time fer it ter git disconnected."

An' he don't say no more, only a-lookin' an' pullin' his long white beard. Ater supper he took meh inter de room where I was ter sleep, an' I was glad ter see dat it was on de ground floor an' handy in case ef trouble. I looks 'round, an' dere bein' nothin' ter take but de bed I starts ter git ready fer meh snooze. Den I hears some one a-knockin' on de door, an' I sticks meh head outer de winder an' I hears some one say ter de farmer:

"I was in swimmin' ter-day an' a hobo comes along an' grabs meh clothes from de beach an'——"

Dat was all I wants ter hear, knowin' de end ef de same old story; so afore gittin' ready ter make meh leap fer life an' liburty I writes in big letters on a brown piece ef paper what I finds in de room an' pins to de door dese lines ef po'try:

"Mr. Farmer:
Just tell de cove yer saw meh, but
De cove he didn't seen me saw
YOURS MOLLBUZZER."

A DARK LADY CROSSES MEH PATH

HAVIN' good clothes, de next thing I done was ter foller de circus fer a time, 'cause de circus is a mighty good thing fer hobos an' children. In de fust place, it kind ef makes peepul good-natchered, an' in de second place, it takes de families away from home, which gives us a chuncet ter take away from home what dey leaves dere, an' in de third place dere's usually somethin' doin' 'bout de circus itself

Ater joinin' de circus, de first foolish thing I done was ter pay a dime ter see de Honoluler Queen, which I was allus anxious ter see; but I allus got ketched slippin' under de tent ef de side-show an' licked most terribul. De pictshures showed de dusky queen dancin' on top ef waves ef real water, singin' an' actin' an' swallowin' swords, all ef which I was dyin' ter peep at, 'specially de sword swallowin'.

It hurt me must terribul when I got inside de tent ter find dat beautiful queen not accordin' ter de pictshures, but only a fat old nigger woman; an' when it come ter swallowin' a sword she only slipped a tin knife up her sleeve, which it don't need no queen ter do. It made meh mad ter be cheated out ef meh dime, an' I yelled out, "She ain't no queen, an' she didn't swaller no sword!" 'count ef yellin' which dey kicked meh outside ef de tent an' stamped on meh.

Sich is de world; ef a beggar gits caught playin' a trick he gits wallerped most awful, but ef he ketches another feller playin' tricks de other feller wallerps him. It made meh mad agin de Honoluler Queen anyways, an' it made meh still madder agin de boss ef de side-show. What kind ef a game is dat ter promise de publick ter see a nigger swaller a tin knife fer a dime, an' den ter have 'em slip de knives up deir sleves?

De loss ef meh good dime rankled in meh bosom so I couldn't sleep, an' de next day I went 'round an' axed de man fer it back agin; at which he only laffed, which made meh madder still. Wouldn't it you, dear reader? An' so when I seed de Honoluler Queen a-shakin' her spear outside de tent fer ter coax de poor harmless farmers inside ef it, I called her a name, an' she thrung dat spear at meh head an' it hit meh a awful whack, which I didn't think she could do, an' which made meh ter berlieve she was a real queen an' not a black nigger ater all

It was dat same night dat I met four hobos near de circus tents, all of which I knowed in de city, an' I was ez glad ter see 'em ez ef dey all had milk an' honey in deir pockets. Dey was Crutch McAllister, an' Foxy Baskit (de one an' only, like de circus says), an' Squint-eye, an' One-armed Jake. Dey hardly knowed meh 'count ef de new clothes what I wore an' count ef de swelled head which de Honoluler Queen give meh wid her spear.

Dey took meh across de bridge, jist over de river from where de circus was playin', an' we went a piece in de woods where dey had a tent. I guess dey stole it from de gypsies, which was fair enuff, de gypsies havin' stole it from somebody else, maybe from de Injuns. Almost everything had ter be stoled oncet, I guess, fer ter start things goin'.

It was Foxy's idee ter open a little circus ef our own, 'count ef us havin' de tent, an' he said we could push it along near de road what de farmers had ter take ter cross de bridge ter go over ter de circus in Williamstown. It was meh ez said ter call our show De Five Jolly Beggars, er Real Life Among de Hobos, but Foxy says dat would be no good fer a circus, 'count ef de farmers all knowin' what beggars an' hobos was, an' peepul only go'n' ter a circus ter see what didn't grow ter home—like elerphunts er tigers, fer instunce.

"Now," says Foxy, "ef yer could only ketch a lion er a elerphunt——"

"Bulldorgs is all de wild animuls what ever I wants ter know," says Squint-eye.

An' den Foxy says, "Ef yer can't ketch a wild animul we might ketch a wild man in de woods, an' a wild man is jist ez good fer a circus ez a wild animal."

"Dere ain't no more wild men, Foxy," I says. "I read it in de histree books."

"Dat shows all de histree books knows," says Foxy, "fer wild animuls allus draws 'em 'round, an' de circus bein' near dese woods, I'll bet dere's wild men hidin' 'round."

An' sure enuff, while Foxy was a-sayin' dis what should come along but a nigger tramp, a great big feller, lookin' pretty wild an' dodgin' 'round like ez ef he was a Zuler. Foxy was mighty skeered an' he says, "What did I tell yer, Mollbuzzer?" An' de others was fer gittin' up an' runnin', but I toled 'em quick it was only a nigger tramp what I knowed hevin runned agin him in de countree.

So I called de nigger tramp an' I axed him ef he wouldn't stop an' have a bite ter eat an' a drop ter drink, which he said he would. Sure dat didn't look much like bein' wild, an' I calls Foxy out ef de tent an' I says ter him

"Foxy, dat would be de scheme, ter dress up dis nigger tramp an' coax him inter playin' de Honoluler

DE HONOLULER QUEEN A-POUNDIN' DE HONOLULER KING WID HER SPEAR

Editor's Note—The last installment of this series will appear in a fortnight.

"DE LECTR C FLUID DAT POURS FROM MEH RIGHT SKYERATIKER NERVE"

King. De Honoluler Queen is drawin' imminense in de side-show ef de circus, an' dere ain't nothin' she does de Honoluler King can't do in a hour."

"It sounds mighty good, Mollbuzzer," says Foxy, an' we goes back in de tent an' tells de others what our scheme was an' dey all was fer it in a minute. So we showed de coon our tent inside an' axed him ef he would like ter join our gang an' work along wid us, an' de coon said ez he would fust-rate, only he couldn't stay 'round dis part ef de countree fer long; an' when we axed him why dat was he wouldn't give us no reasons. I guessed he had runned out ef jail er stoled somethin' near where we was, which I told Foxy.

"Dat's nothin' agin bein' a Honoluler King, Mollbuzzer says Foxy; "a king what wou't steal an' kill ain't born fer his jo!

De next mornin' we got up early an' tied de big coon up wid ropes so he couldn't git loose, an' Crutch McAllister went ter town fer ter buy a pail ef red an' blue paint, an' also ter steal shells from some farmer's fountain fer a necklace, an' a rooster fer its feathers, ter stick in a ring 'round de nigger's head, 'count ef de Honoluler Queen havin' one

We took orff dat poor coon's clothes first an' we begun ter brush him wid de red paint like ez ef he was a wall ef a house. He was most awful mad when he waked up an' seen what we was a-doin' ter him. An' I toled him dere was no use ter git mad, 'cause we was a-goin' ter make him a Honoluler King fer his own good

"I don't want ter be no king," he says; "all I wants is fer yer ter untie meh ropes an' let meh git 'way from here."

Dat coon was too pertickler fer a nigger altergither, anyways, an' when he seen meh cut orff his pants at de knees he swore he'd kill meh sure when de ropes was orff him, but we fixed him up a skirt out of pink tissher paper an' I explained it was de fashun fer Honoluler Kings ter wear deir pants short, but it didn't make de coon feel none better until I toled him we cut 'em orff in sich a way dat he could sew 'em on agin easy.

What troubled us most was how ter make him a long pig-tail like de one which I seen on de head ef de Honoluler Queen, but Foxy said ater a while dat he knowed it was de style fer kings ter go baldheaded when queens wore deir hair long. "'Sides," says Foxy, "ef we shaved de coon's head ez bald ez a billiard ball de feathers'll look more kingy."

An' we took de razor out ef de coon's pocket an' Foxy shaved his head, only not havin' eny soap an' Foxy not bein' a barber by trade dat nigger set up sich a yell dat we was erbliged ter let one-half ef his head go, which was still more cold an' kingy. Next we made de coon a spear out ef a stick an' a shield out ef a barrul-top, an' we toled him ef he yelled an' danced all de time an' played de king like he orter we'd give him three per cent. ef all dat was left over from de profits an' de expinses, 'sides a yaller shirt an' a plug hat, an' I don't know what else. We left Crutch an' Squint-eye an' One-armed Jake inside de tent ter stick a pin in de coon if he should git sleepy an' fergit ter dance lively, an' meh an' Foxy wint outside an' hung up de sign, which read:

COUGH UP A DIME AN' SEE DE HONOLULER KING
BLACK WATKINS
DE STRONGEST MAN IN DE WERLD'
DE LOUDEST SINGER'
DE WILDEST DANCER'
EATS SPEARS FER HIS DINNER
DE ONLY HONOLULER KING AWAY FROM HIS HOME
IN DE WHOLE WURLD

Price one dime. Chil'ren one cent. De King will give each lady a handsome presint free—serveuirs which he brung wid him from his own Honoluler Land.

"What fer a presint kin King Watkins give de ladies, Foxy?" I axed him.

"A kiss," says Foxy; "a handsome Honoluler kiss from his own kingy lips;" an' Foxy begins ter yell 'round an' hit de sign wid his stick, an' Squint-eye an' Crutch stirred de coon up inside an' de show commenced. It skeered meh cold ter see de way de dimes begins ter tumble in. An' we was mad 'cause we didn't build a bigger tent, an' Squint-eye comin' runnin' out an' yellin' dat it might be a good idee ter pull de tent down an' charge de peepul a dime fer steppin' inside ef a rope, fer which Foxy called him a fool.

An' de coon seemed ter like bein' a king ater he got used ter it, fer de peepul was all lookin' at him an' wonderin' at him, which is agreerbul ter coons somehow, de same ez ter white men. An' he made lots ef fun by wantin' ter kiss de ladies in earnest fer a presint ter hisself, dey not wantin' it at all, an' him wantin' it mighty bad, which is human natcher, too.

But late in de afternoon King Watkins got tired ef singin' an' dancin', him sayin' his legs an' lungs was givin' out an' wantin' ter take a nap, but we had ter keep de show up while de dimes was rollin' in, so Crutch stuck pins inter his kingy legs, an' de blame coon got mad, which he had no right ter do, an' he hit Crutch on de head wid de barrul-top, an' Crutch grabbed him an' got his-self all covered over wid red an' blue paint, an' de king's feathers comes orff an' de crowd laffs an' howls, an' anudder nigger what just give a dime ter see de Honoluler King yells out

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Dat ain't no Honoluler King. He ain't no more a king en meh. Dat's Abraham Linkin Smith—jist a plain, eviry-day, no-account nigger what lived over here in Rock Haven an' runned away from his wife an' chil'ren last year."

An' when de Honoluler King heard dat he gave a most awful yell, an' he turned white under his blue an' red paint an' his black skin, an' he thrung his spear an' his shield on de floor an' tore orff his paper skirt an' made a leap for de door, but I grapped him wid Squint-eye an' we thrung him down, an' Crutch McAllister hit de other nigger what made all de trouble an' chased him out ef de tent.

"I'm a goin' ter tell his wife at Rock Haven ater I see de circus," says de nigger. "She'll Honoluler King Abraham Linkin Smith, she will. I'll git even wid youse fellers fer hittin' meh an' cheatin' meh out ef a dime."

An' when de Honoluler King heard dat nigger carry on 'bout tellin' his wife he jist laid down an' cried an' begged us ter let him go, sayin' his wife was a most terribul woman, an' dat she would kill every one ef us sure ez could be. No sooner said en I looked up an' seen a big crowd runnin' double quick across de bridge

"What's up, Foxy?" I axed, pointin' at de crowd.

"I don't know," says he; "maybe de tiger got out ef his cage. It would be a fine chancet ter swipe it an' put it in de tent wid our coon."

"Don't talk like a fool," I says, worried; "a tiger ain't no moskeeter what yer kin lead 'round wid a string! An' look at dat crowd! I never seen sich a crowd in de countree afore! An' see what dey're follerin'. It's de Honoluler Queen, her a shakin' her spear an' dancin' de war dance. What'll we do?"

DE SAME EZ EF DEY HAD NIVER BEEN KING ER QUEEN AT ALL

I TAKES 'EM OUT EF PITY

"What'll we do?" says Foxy. "Let 'em chase de Honoluler Queen till she gits tired er dey gits tired. What's it ter us?"

"She's headed dis way," I says, an' de circus man is tryin' ter throw a rope 'round her head

An' dat great big Honoluler Queen comes on toward our tent a-swingin' her spear, de circus man still tryin' ter ketch her 'round de neck wid a rope, an' de crowd behint her laughin' an' howlin' an' screamin', an' more peepul leavin' de circus concert an' chasin' de mob all de time.

"Foxy," I whispers, gittin' skeered, "I knows what's up now. De Honoluler Queen is jealous ef de Honoluler King, him not bein' genuine, an' she comin' ter kill us."

"She certainly does look mad," says Foxy. "Mollbuzzer, yer kin watch de tent a bit an —

"No, Foxy," I says, "we dies er we thrives tergither."

"All right," says Foxy, "but we orter let dat poor nigger know so's he kin run away afore he gits kilt fer bein' a king"

No," I says, "we kin keep de Honoluler Queen outside, an' bizness'll be better a'count ef de crowd."

An' afore we knows what is up, er who, er when, dat Honoluler Queen runs up wid her club fer our tent.

"Even de Honoluler Queen herself," yells Foxy out loud an' quick ez kin be, "is payin' ten cents er one dime ter see de real an' only lively Watkins, King ef Honoluler!"

But she didn't pay no dime, I'm a-tellin' yer; she jist reached out an' grabbed Foxy by de ear an' throwed him on de ground, an' runned inside de tent ez ef she was de owner ef de Honoluler King an' all de rest.

An' den meh an' Foxy hears dat Honoluler King a-yellin' louder en ef Crutch an' Squint-eye was a-makin' him inter a paper fer pins, an' we hears de Honoluler Queen a-screamin: "Yer lazy, good-fer-nothin' Abraham Linkin Smith, I got yer at last. I'm goin' ter show yer how ter lazy orff away from yer wife ter play king an' let meh play Honoluler Queen ter feed yer kids," an' I hears him a-beggin' her ter let him go, an' I raises meh voice an' yells:

"Ladies an' Gents, fer de oncet an' only time de Honoluler King an' Queen tergither under one tent! Price of admission twinty cents, er a dime fer each! Up an' be quick fer it'll only last fer a little while! De Honoluler King an' de Honoluler Queen in deir most touchin' act, De Happy Honoluler Fireside at Night!"

An' de crowd, bein' curious ter see what was up, comes along so quick wid deir twinty cent pieces dat we didn't even have time ter make change, an' some ef 'em got in fer a dollar an' some ef 'em got in fer nothin'.

Den Squint-eye an' Crutch McAllister an' One-armed Jake comes runnin' out ef de tent fer help, Crutch yellin':

"De Honoluler Queen is got de Honoluler King on de floor an' she'll club him ter death ez sure ez kin be. We can't do nothin'. Come quick."

"An' leave all dis good money here?" I says. "Not meh. Let her club. Only I hope she ain't in no hurry."

An' when de crowd heard what was up dey pushes an' shoves so dat dey knocks de tent down, an' den der was de awfullest mix-up ever I seen, us tryin' ter fling out de peepul what hadn't paid ter see de King an' Queen, an' de peepul refusin' ter git out, an' de Honoluler Queen a-poundin' de Honoluler King wid her spear, an' de circus man a-tryin' ter jerk de Honoluler Queen back ter her tent by de arm, an' de Honoluler King gittin' mad at him, an' he hitted de circus man across de head, which made de Honoluler Queen proud ef her warrior husband, an' she says, "Dat's right, Abraham Linkin Smith, stand by yer wife an' she'll stand by yer." An' both ef 'em goes fer de circus man right an' left, ef which I was glad 'cause he was de fellet what beated meh out ef de dime ter see de Honoluler Queen

Concluded on Page 92

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Lovers differ; husbands are all alike.

¶ Extravagance is your neighbor's method of spending money

¶ Overlooking an opportunity is different from looking it over.

¶ The lazy man always extends a welcome to the spring fever microbe.

¶ Many appreciate the greatness of the past; few, the greatness of the present.

¶ An optimist is a man who keeps a drug store and does not become a pessimist.

¶ Sometimes the son of a rich man is small enough to get through the eye of the needle.

¶ Many a man who is the architect of his own fortune finds that the structure has an imposing entrance but no way to get upstairs.

An Outburst of Mistaken Modesty

OUR new Ambassador to Germany, a Mr. Charlemagne Tower, is paying a quaint but a most impressive tribute to his predecessor

He succeeds the learned and able Dr. Andrew D. White, who, all the world knows, was made Ambassador to Germany because he had earned an international reputation as an educator and as a diplomat. Naturally the German people eagerly seized the opportunity to show their admiration for Doctor White and their satisfaction in the honor done them by his appointment. He was made much of and proved himself worthy of his fame; and, with his simple manners and [illegible] elevated mien and simple attire among the throng of gaudily uniformed and therefore necessarily monotonous and commonplace representatives of the other powers and dominions, and they looked a second time and turned away only to look again. The disadvantage of uniform is that, though it dignifies those who would otherwise be obscure, it levels to mere clothes-horses those who would otherwise stand out for their superior personalities. The advantage of civilian dress is that, though it mercilessly bares the mediocre to the public gaze and the public disregard, it assists the man of individuality to assert himself to every eye.

When Mr. Tower reached Berlin he found himself in much the same situation in which Thomas Jefferson professed to find himself when he succeeded Dr. Benjamin Franklin at the Court of France. Some one said to Jefferson, "You take Doctor Franklin's place?" Jefferson replied, "No one could do that. I merely succeed him." Mr. Tower apparently felt that he must do something to continue the high reputation of the American Ambassadorship and to make the German people less sensible of the wide gap, as he modestly regarded it, between himself and Doctor White. Apparently he despaired of accomplishing this. So, after several months, he has hit upon a way of hiding himself in public and so sparing his office and himself what he probably regarded as the humiliation involved in being pointed out in his plain civilian attire as "Doctor White's successor." He has ventured to depart from the ancient custom of the American diplomatic corps and has put himself in a uniform described as "similar to the diplomatic uniforms of other countries" and "consisting of navy-blue cloth trousers with gold stripes about two inches wide down the sides, and a swallow-tail coat buttoning to the chin, with a straight military collar embroidered with gold heads of wheat; the cuffs and coattails gold-embroidered and the buttons of gold; a straight diplomatic sword, a hat cocked with white feathers lying close to the crown."

Thus, if by chance any one inquires, "Where is Doctor White's successor?" he is discovered only after long search among the similarly-dressed crowd

From time to time there have been outbursts of this kind of modesty in our diplomatic service; but recently the disease has become epidemic. Several of our Ministers, notably certain "sons of somebodies," appointed because their parents had influence, have gone to such lengths in their self-abasement, in their modest sense of their unworthiness fitly to represent the great American people, that they have hidden themselves in militia, or band, or fraternal order uniforms, in any begilded and beplumed what-not that will reduce them to the level of the monarchic throng. And the worst of it is that their motives have been wholly misunderstood. Instead of applauding this self-deprecatory retiracy Europeans jeer at the decay of America's vaunted simplicity and freedom from peacockery, and Americans cry out that the silly tailor-vanity of their diplomats is destroying abroad our credit for democracy and manhood stripped of pretense.

The mistake is not unnatural. Extremes meet—and modesty and vanity are extremes. Perhaps everybody might be satisfied by the State Department's ordering these over-modest diplomats into the peace uniform of this republic of peace-loving and peace-advocating civilians. Then no one could say that they were trying to make themselves conspicuous or that they thought themselves able to look distinguished without the aid of barbaric plumage.

Let none of them fear that he will be slighted anywhere if he dresses as the representative of the American people. There was a time when a man in the plain toga of a Roman citizen was received by distant emperors and kings "with all the respect that would have been shown a messenger from the immortal gods." And there is now a time when a representative of another republic dressed in the plain, unpretentious garb of its citizenship has equal respect shown him. Nor will that respect be enhanced by decorations of gold lace, no, not even were he to get himself up in all the glory of the drum-major of the Jinestown band or of the carriage-opener of a fashionable New York shop.

Nationality above Grammar

AT LAST the irresistible sentiment of American nationality has won its final victory over the obstructive dogmas of grammar. The Congressional Committee on the Revision of the Laws has decided that hereafter our national statutes must say "the United States is" instead of "the United States are," as they have been doing hitherto.

It has been a long pull. The point did not occur to the founders of the Constitution. They spoke of the United States in the plural as a matter of course. "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against *them*, or in adhering to *their* enemies, giving them aid and comfort." This form of speech remained universal until within very recent memory. "The United States of America," said Bancroft, "are not only a republic, they are a 'society of societies,' 'a federal republic.'"

It was the Civil War that brought the rules of grammar to the dust. But, at first, even the victors in the struggle for [illegible] agreement of nouns and verbs along with slavery and secession. They put into the Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution the decree: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to *their* jurisdiction."

[illegible] evident [illegible] guage. The purpose of words is to express thoughts. The grammarians follow humbly in the wake of the philosophers. They build their rules on the observed facts of language; the facts are not made to fit the rules. The fathers of the Republic had thought of the Union as a group of States. They spoke of it in the plural, not merely to obey the technical rules of verbal agreement, but because they had a plural conception of the thing itself. But now people think of the nation as a unit. They say "the Nation is," "the Republic is," "the Union is," and naturally they say "the United States is." United States, in fact, has ceased to be a plural noun. It is a singular noun with a plural ending, like "politics" and "ethics."

Grammarians in future will have to make a note of this and amend their rule accordingly. They can either recognize United States as a singular noun, or they can note an exception to the general rule that a plural noun takes a plural verb. That ought to be easy, for a nation with four hundred and seventy-three universities and colleges is certainly more than a match for a little thing like grammar. In one respect, however, the process of evolution is still incomplete. If United States has become a national proper name like Germany or England, it ought to have a convenient derivative like German or Englishman to describe its citizens. Shall we say "United Stateser," "United Statesian," or "United Statesman"?

The Triumph of Commercialism

THE day when society rested on brute force, when nations were only powerful according to the number of mailed men they could put in the field, has gone never to return And with the disappearance of that day disappeared the feudal lord. His place has been taken by the lord of commerce, who is not born to his title but wins it by the force of intellect, his courage, and his capacity. Nations to-day are only great that are great commercially. The factory, the mine, the shop are the things that count; they exercise a much more dominating influence on the world than ever did men in mail or archers with their cloth-yard shafts—and those were the forces that propped up tottering thrones or tore down proud crowns.

The age of a Machiavelli, of a Richelieu, of a Wolsey has been engulfed in history. A Napoleon no longer fits in with the scheme of things. What the world needs, what the world rewards most lavishly, is constructive, not destructive, ability; the master mind that eliminates friction, not he who increases the resistance.

These men are found to-day in commerce and in finance. It is there that their genius finds full play. They make millions for themselves, but they can only make them when they add to the comfort of all mankind, when they raise the general scale of civilization. We were told in our younger days that the man who made two blades of grass grow where before there was only one was a benefactor; to-day these men are not content with two poor little blades; nothing less than an entire field will suit them, a field rich with its ears of golden corn; a field that feeds the white man in the temperate zone as well as the yellow man in the tropics; a field that puts wealth in the pockets of hundreds.

A Rope of Sand?

ONE of our contemporaries during last year was busy in publishing a symposium of opinions on divorce in this country, its uses and abuses, the virtues in it, the crimes in it.

Sociologists, reformers, some twenty well-known bishops and doctors of divinity, authors and society men and women came to the front to anathematize or uphold it, to describe it as a cancer upon the body politic, or a safe issue for the poisonous humors of our domestic life. They all agreed in but one point—the frightful extent to which American society was affected by our lax marriage ties.

The bond which since the birth of the race has held the man and woman together in the most vital and lasting of partnerships was described by them as being now as rotten in this country as a rope of sand. If we are to believe these witnesses our homes are filled with husbands and wives who hate each other and children who are neglected and disowned

These vague statements about us are naturally accepted in foreign countries without question. Americans abroad are accustomed to the complacency with which our English kinsfolk characterize our domestic life as rotten to the core.

Now, how much truth is there in all this outcry?

It is true that in certain professions, and in certain half-educated, would-be fashionable classes, marriages are contracted with no basis of endurance. The habits and circumstances of the lives of these men and women give to their minds a desire for change as strong as the longing of the body may be for whisky. They divorce and remarry as they would fit on a new suit of clothes.

We are too apt to take the newspaper accounts of these people as a picture of American life. To the great mass of our country people marriage is as sacred a relation as it was in the days of Abraham and Sarah. The fire which burns on the hearth of the poor carpenter in yon back alley is the same and as sacred as that which warmed the home of the Great Queen and lighted the whole world with its pure shining

Who ever heard, too, of a divorce among our Southern brethren?

Let us take heart o' grace. In the great, decent, honest, unpublished masses marriage is still binding and holy.

The real danger is that in the mad struggle for fortune and place our young people may forget to marry at all

THE WASTE OF THE WORLD

By René Bache

WHAT AN INGENIOUS AND PERSEVERANT CIVILIZATION DOES WITH THE ODDS AND ENDS YOU THROW AWAY AND NEVER THINK OF AGAIN

LITTLE things count for more in the year 1903 A. D. than ever before in the history of the world. Nothing is so unimportant as not to have some value in the market of to-day, and much of what was formerly thrown away as worthless is now converted into precious commercial products. The refuse of yesterday is the wealth of to-day.

Mankind no longer depends wholly upon flowers for the perfumes which are required for toilet purposes and in the manufacture of confectionery and fancy soaps. Many of the most delicious scents are procured from more humble and much less attractive sources, such as fusel oil (a waste product of distilleries), from which are obtained oil of apples, oil of grapes and oil of pears. Putrid cheese is not the kind of substance from which one would expect to get an agreeable odor, and yet it is the principal substance employed in making the commercial oil of pineapple. In the same way oil of bitter almonds, which is utilized so widely by perfumers and candy makers, is derived from gas tar, a by-product of the gas factory.

Pearl buttons and other articles of mother-of-pearl are cut from various kinds of marine and fresh-water shells, the finest quality of raw material being furnished by the so-called pearl oyster, and until recently the residue of the nacreous valves was thrown away. To-day, however, all remnants of the shells are carefully preserved, and the pearly part of them is ground to a glittering powder, which, under the trade name of "pearl silver," is used in making artificial flowers and as a coating for wall-paper. The residue of the shell is separately ground, affording a powder of silky, metallic lustre, which, being colorable in any tint or shade, can be employed in many ways.

Not long ago the late P. D. Armour, of the great packing firm, gave an interesting account of the disposal of refuse under the modern system of wholesale butchering. A 1200-pound steer, live weight, he said, yields from 650 to 700 pounds of dressed beef; the remainder, nearly all of it, used to be thrown away; and to get rid of it cost money. The blood was allowed to run into the river, and the head, feet and "innards" were hauled out to a vacant place and buried in trenches.

There came a time when enterprising persons were found willing to accept such material and remove it for their own purposes, and the packing companies were glad to get rid of it so cheaply. Later, however, they discovered that they could sell it, and to-day much of the profit derivable from a steer comes from the parts which were rejected as waste a few years ago.

What They Do to the Frisky Steer

THE horns are cut off close to the head and the pith is removed, to be sent to the glue-pot, while the horns themselves are dried, sorted into various grades, and eventually converted into combs and buttons. Most of the so-called tortoise shell on the market is a really beautiful and very accurate imitation made from cattle-horns, which are reduced to flat sheets with the help of steam and afterward colored. The tips of the horns are converted into mouthpieces for pipes, and the scraps left over are sold to the florist as a superior kind of fertilizer.

The bones are utilized in a variety of ways, the knuckles from the feet and shanks being transformed into knife handles, toothbrushes and buttons. The hard bone takes a high polish and is hardly distinguishable from ivory; the scraps are used by manufacturers of bicycles for case-hardening steel, as well as for poultry food. As for the hoofs, they go to make buttons, glue and gelatine.

From the blood, albumen is extracted for calico-printing and for finishing leathers. Such portions of the hide as are not utilized for leather, furnish isinglass, and such of the fat as will not saponify is converted into glycerine and nitroglycerine. From the fat also is obtained oil for oleomargarine and butterine; the feet yield neat's-foot oil, and the tails afford material for curled-hair mattresses. The rest of the hair is transformed into felt, cheaper grades of which are used for insulating refrigerator cars and ice boxes, as well as for under-carpeting, while the better qualities are employed for horse-blankets, saddlery and hats.

Glycerine, which is now so important a by-product of the packing-house, and for which so many valuable uses have been found, was formerly a waste substance evolved incidentally to the manufacture of candles from palm oil. It was thrown away in quantities. But to-day the problem of utilizing every portion of the slaughtered animal has been solved so completely that absolutely nothing is lost. Even the gray brain-stuff of the calf furnishes a substance valuable in the treatment of neurasthenia and other nervous diseases, and the stomach of the pig yields pepsin for the benefit of persons with weak digestions. All parts of the beast that are not utilized for food or manufacture find their way back to the farm as fertilizer.

The profitable utilization of the waste of cities has been one of the most difficult puzzles in these modern days. Though it has not yet reached its final solution, much has already been accomplished in this direction. In New York, which in this respect is ahead of any other centre of population in the United States, all of the kitchen refuse collected from house to house is thrown into great iron receptacles and "digested" by steam, after which the cooked material is separated into greases and fertilizer stuff. The greases are shipped to Germany, where the art of treating them is better understood than in this country, and are refined and converted into lard-oil, glycerine, and other valuable commercial substances. The fertilizer stuff is dried and ground, after which it is put up in bags for market, much of it being sent to the Southern States, where it seems to find a special adaptation to the requirements of cotton-planters.

The Enterprising Experiment of Munich

IN RESPECT to the profitable employment of town waste, other than food refuse, the city of Munich, in Bavaria, is a model. All such material, amounting to five hundred tons per diem, is first passed through huge sieves, which rid it of the fine dust. The coarse residue is then poured upon an endless belt, from which it is sorted by women, the process producing a tolerable amount of valuable material. Unbroken bottles are washed by machinery and returned to the brewers and wine merchants. Broken glass is likewise washed and goes to the glass-works. The rags are beaten in a rag-beater, disinfected and sorted for sale. Old iron is saved for conversion into vitriol. Finally, the fine dust previously separated is mixed with dried blood, saltpetre and phosphoric acid, and packed in sacks for fertilizer. Old shoes are ground and mixed with the fertilizer. What remains is burned.

In this country the disposal of such refuse has not been reduced to such scientific principles, and it is the general practice of our communities to rely upon the facilities of the ash dump for getting rid of all waste of the kind. One might say that there was nothing in this world more completely emblematic of worthlessness than an ash dump, which produces nothing and is composed wholly of what people have thrown away; nevertheless, in its own way it is a mine of wealth, affording a livelihood to many persons and supplying much that is of subsequent use.

Anybody who will take the trouble to watch an ash dump day after day will learn some interesting facts. All day long women go to and from the refuse heap with baskets on their heads filled with broken bricks and crockery, which they carry to contractors who are building in the neighborhood and are glad to buy the stuff at the rate of one dollar for as much of it as suffices to fill a tip-cart. It does not take so very many basketfuls to fill a cart, and the women make better wages by this sort of labor than they could easily earn at anything else. Many of them devote to basket-carrying only such leisure as they have incidentally to other occupation. The bricks, which are mostly refuse from new buildings, carted to the dump to get rid of it, are broken up fine by the contractors and made into a mixture for concrete.

The women get many things besides broken bricks that have value. For old medicine bottles they receive twelve to fifteen cents a dozen at the apothecary's. Old shoes are treasures, too. If they are not good enough to wear as they are, they are either sold to the junk man or taken to a cobbler. The business of reorganizing old and apparently worn-out shoes is a very considerable one, though so little is known of it. It is indeed a far gone shoe that is not worth something. In the worst case there is almost sure to be some part of the leather that is perfectly good; it may be only the heel-piece or a portion of the upper, but the shoe has a value, though it be only two or three cents. Cobbling on footwear of this class is somewhat different from ordinary work of the kind, partaking more of the nature of what surgeons call heroic treatment. For example, the renovator of such articles thinks nothing of slicing off the rear half of a shoe that is gone in front and attaching it to the front half of a shoe that is gone behind; or the remade shoe that he produces may be composed of a dozen unrelated parts. There is a regular market for renovated shoes in New York City, and tens of thousands of pairs are sent in the crude state from other centres of population to the metropolis every year.

Picking is always good on the ash dump, because the carts are continually making fresh deposits. If this supply were shut off the pile would cease within twenty-four hours to be productive. Each day whatever is of value is taken away, and thus only the surface affords anything of worth to the searcher for stray findings. Only on the surface does the small boy browse for good coals, filling a tin kettle or paper bag with the "cinders," as he calls them, and taking them home for the kitchen fire. The extent to which such refuse from the ranges and furnaces of the well-to-do is utilized by the poor people would excite astonishment were accurate data on the subject obtainable.

The Fate of Tomato Cans and Old Shoes

OLD rags and paper are gathered up by the women on the ash dump and sold to the junk man. All sorts of rags there are, from silk to calico, and all kinds of paper, from cream-laid note to waste stuff that has been taken from under carpets and thrown away. The junk men buy it all; there is nothing they will not pay something for. And in the spring contractors come and dig in the great heap for ashes, of which they cart away vast quantities for use, in a mixture with asphalt and water, in cementing cellar and basement floors.

The tin cans consigned to the ash dumps in such great numbers are collected and rolled out into sheets for roofing shanties. This, however, is only one of many ways in which they are utilized. Great quantities of cans are converted into sheet tin for covering parts of trunks, the inside of them usually retaining the original polish. Not a few factories devote their entire attention to the conversion of old tin cans, which are heated until the solder that holds them together runs into a separate receptacle, to be afterward sold for twelve cents a pound—the profit from this source alone almost paying for the gathering and handling of the raw material. The tops and bottoms are melted for sash-weights. Nothing is lost except the labels, which are removed by soaking, as a preliminary to rolling the cylinders flat, and thus it is that a two-horse load of old cans has a market value of six to eight dollars.

When an old shoe has got beyond the point where it can possibly be of any use as footgear, whether whole or in part, it is still valuable as scrap leather. All leather scraps, such as come in large quantities from the shoe factories, are chopped fine and converted into artificial leather. Sometimes, for this purpose, they are mixed with paper pulp and molded for the counters and insoles of boots and shoes, the material thus utilized being treated with a mixture of oil, rubber and glycerine. The glycerine softens it, and the oil and rubber render it waterproof. Then it is cut into the required shapes. Much material of this kind, in the shape of what is known as "leather board," is employed in the manufacture of traveling bags.

There is always a market for waste paper, and even old newspapers, which represent the lowest and least desirable grade, are worth fifteen cents a hundred pounds. The uses to which such material is put are almost innumerable, extending even to the manufacture of car-wheels and coffins. In the making of trunks and valises, as a substitute for leather, there is commonly used a sort of paper board.

composed of layers of paper which has previously been subjected to a chemical treatment that renders it extremely hard and tough. All of the paper money issued by the United States Government is eventually, after being redeemed, ground up and reduced to a pulp which, being of the finest linen stock, is eagerly purchased by paper-makers.

Sawdust, which was formerly a waste product, is put to a multitude of uses in these modern days. Mixed with tar and compressed into bricks it is employed for gas-making, a ton of the bricks yielding from 30,000 to 40,000 cubic feet of gas. Bricks of clay and sawdust mixed are considered very superior for building purposes, being only half the weight of ordinary bricks, and taking plaster direct without the intervention of laths. Sawdust is also employed instead of sand for mortar, and it is utilized quite commonly for filling the walls and floors of apartment houses to deaden sound. In cold-storage houses and market ice-boxes sawdust serves as a non-conductor, and hardwood sawdust is said to be excellent for smoking hams. Wood alcohol is also derived from sawdust by distillation.

Mixed with a glue solution and bichromate of potash, sawdust is now converted into an artificial wood which is very durable and takes a high polish. It is shaped in molds, and many handsome articles are made out of it. The bichromate is to render it waterproof. In France great success has been obtained in the manufacture of wood pastes—as they are called, from sawdust, with an admixture of dyewoods for color. Not to be forgotten are the bottle stoppers which, made from sawdust, serve quite satisfactorily in place of corks for certain purposes, holding the corkscrew well!

A Market for Skunk Tails

INCIDENTAL to the manufacture of corks there is much waste in the shape of small scraps which formerly were thrown away. Nowadays, however, such cork dust is used for stuffing mattresses, for upholstery, and for ships' fenders. It is also employed as a coating for the inside of paper tubes in which bottles are shipped, to prevent breakage.

Furriers' refuse finds a great variety of uses, every waste piece being salable for one purpose or another. Scraps of bearskin, skunk tails, and fragments of badger [illegible] bought by the brush-makers, the badger hair being utilized for the highest grade of shaving brushes. Cuttings of beaver and muskrat are sought by the hat-makers, while those of hare and rabbit are wanted by hat-makers and fur-manufacturers. Odd bits of ermine go to make imitation "tips," and goose and swan feathers from refuse pieces are employed for stuffing muffs.

In the meerschaum factory all of the scraps are used for making imitation meerschaum, being ground fine and boiled with alum, to make the stuff stick together, and linseed oil to give it the requisite shine. The material is reduced to a soapy consistency by heat, and then shaped in molds, after which it is turned in the lathe; and finally the pipes are dried in a stove, boiled in melted suet, rubbed with a peculiar kind of grass, and dipped in boiling wax to give polish and hardness.

The utilization of refuse scraps of amber was long a puzzle, attempts to weld them together by heat being vain because the product was brown and brittle. However, a fairly satisfactory result has been accomplished by treating the stuff chemically, afterward subjecting it to high pressure.

Bookbinders' waste goes to make papier-maché, for bas-reliefs, dishes, picture frames, clock cases, and so forth, fine sifted wood ashes and flour paste entering into the composition. Old rubber as a refuse product is a thing of the past. It is mixed with new rubber, or else steamed to soften it and applied to a coarse woven fabric for waterproof cloth. Broken glass is converted into artificial stone for building purposes, being ground to powder and reduced to a paste in a furnace, after which it is pressed and sold under the name of "ceramic stone."

In former days there was no refuse product deemed more hopelessly without value than furnace slag, which now is turned to most useful account in the manufacture of paving-stones and in the production of bricks of superior quality. A cement equal to Portland cement is obtained from it, as well as a product called "slag wool," which is snow white and looks like cotton wool. This slag wool is utilized for covering boilers and steam pipes, being a non-conductor and incombustible.

Incidentally to the manufacture of gas large quantities of ammonia and coal tar are obtained as by-products. The former is valuable for a variety of purposes, while the latter is the source of aniline dyes and an endless number of medicinal substances, being a convenient organic base for chemists to work upon.

Wood shavings, which used to be thrown [illegible] now pressed solid, in which shape they furnish an economical fuel for making steam, burning slowly and developing high heat. Coal dust is likewise utilized as fuel, being made up into "briquettes" with sawdust, molasses and various things. Even smoke is saved in these times, being convertible into acetate of lime, alcohol and tar.

Breakfast Foods for the Neglected Horse

THE waste material from the factories which put up the new-fangled cereal breakfast foods consists mainly of the branny parts of the grains, and is being utilized for horses—a use to which is likewise put the refuse from cornstarch mills. This latter, which is known as "gluten feed," is the nitrogenous part of the maize and highly nutritious. Corn oil, a by-product of distilleries and starch works, is employed in the manufacture of paints and for many other purposes. Treated with sulphuric [illegible] it affords a product similar to rubber. [illegible] while the pith of the cornstalk is used as a filling for coffer-dams in the newest warships, being placed just behind the outer skin of the vessel at the water-line. It is the most absorbent of all substances, readily taking up twenty times its own weight of water, and thus, when a projectile enters the side of the ship near the water-line the corn-pith can be counted on to expand and fill the hole.

The intensity of our civilization finds no more striking expression than is afforded by the high development of modern methods for utilizing products formerly regarded as worthless. Every year the world is becoming more densely populated, and the problem of supplying the multiplying wants of mankind is becoming increasingly difficult. Each discovery of a new means of converting the valueless into the valuable is a gain to the human race, for the future as well as for the present, and he should surely be regarded as the greatest of benefactors who is most successful in diminishing the waste of the world.

Driven Without the Camp

By Forrest Crissey

"JIMMIE TOTMAN WILL TAKE THE RIGHT AISLE"

"WILL it have a steeple, Pa, an' a bell?" inquired Ezra.

"Yes, I s'pose so," dryly answered his father.

"I wisht we *could* help," timidly responded the boy from his seat on the doorstep; "but," he added reflectively, "I s'pose we can't because we're poor.

"Now, look here," good humoredly responded the man; "I didn't refuse to subscribe to rebuildin' the church because we're poorer than the rest of 'em. It's just as I told th' old Deacon: I hain't got the money an' I don't know where it's comin' from, an' it ain't honest to pledge what you can't expect to get."

Ezra's eyes were following the figure of the gaunt old Deacon bobbing down the hill path with a jerky, petulant tread.

"Acts kind of stirred up, don't he?" commented the father. "That's th' Deacon all over! He told me t' trust th' Lord an' He would provide. Guess it didn't occur t' him that if it's just a matter of *trustin'* th' members of th' church ought t' be able t' do that without callin' on outsiders. But th' long an' short of it is that I can't put down on th' church paper th' money that ought t' go to payin' my honest debts. An' I won't, neither!

"Ain't all th' folks that's got children in th' Sunday school goin' to give something?" persisted Ezra.

"Likely."

There was an interval of silence.

"Well," continued the father, "if you're so anxious t' have a hand in fixin' over th' church, you c'n subscribe sixty days' work with a double team. I'll let you drive Mack an' Tige t' haul the buildin' material from th' stun quarry and th' sawmill."

With a bound the boy leaped from the door-sill and sped down the path after the retreating figure of the Deacon. When he returned his eyes glowed with pride and excitement.

"He seemed kind of glad t' get th' haulin' subscribed," shyly commented the boy, resuming his seat. His eyes were fixed dreamily on the dumpy little church in the village, at the foot of the hill; but in its place he saw a splendid white steeple, a steep roof, tall windows and green blinds; and in his ears were ringing peals from a clanging bell, like those he had heard at Westfield the Sunday that he and Chet drove the new teacher home.

Two days later, seated on a scrap of soiled and fuzzy sheepskin, his bare feet dangling from the forward bolster of the long boxless wagon, Ezra called out:

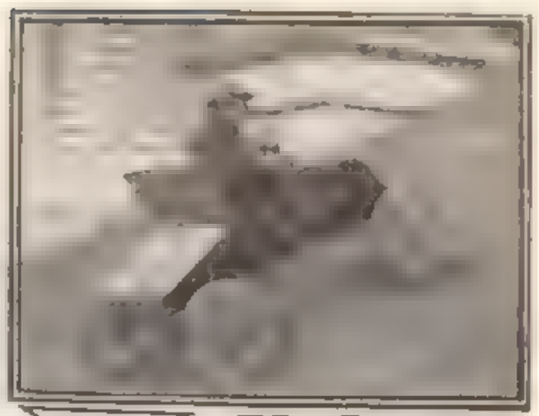
"G' up there, Tige!" and drove proudly out of the churchyard with the air of a man conscious of the importance of his mission and of his ability to perform it.

A band of morning mist still hung over Bear Creek and threaded the valley like a gray ribbon; cows filed in solemn procession out of stable doors after their early milkin', and farm dogs charged savagely at the clattering wagon and retreated at the swish of his whip as he passed: the reins danced merrily upon the backs of Mack and Tige, and a cloud of dust trailed in the wake of the happiest, proudest driver who ever cracked a whip.

At the Town Line Corners he passed Joe Shinn, the cattle buyer, who eyed him sharply, smiling at the odd figure of so small a boy behind so large a team. He looked curiously lonely perched on the jolting bolster of the long-reached wagon.

"Head up, like a steer in the corn!" muttered the cattle buyer, as he lashed the ragweed at the side of the wheel rut.

But Ezra was too happy to notice the smile of the passer, or even to whistle. He saw, instead, the line which Deacon Keth had written on the subscription paper: "*60 days' work—man and Double Team*"—saw the slender white steeple and heard the clanging of the deep-voiced bell! As he slapped the reins upon the flanks of Mack and Tige and clucked them into a sharper trot, the Golden



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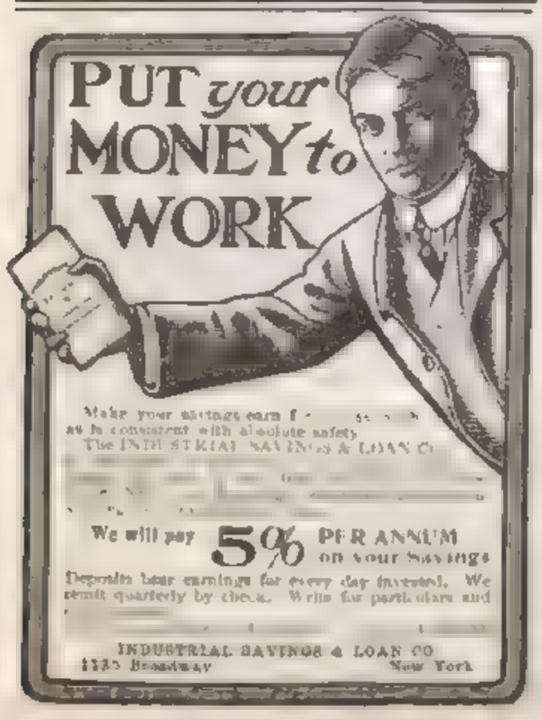

Text of last Sunday's lesson came suddenly into his mind.

"Them sixty days' work is all in, Pa,' said Ezra, halting the team at the back door on his return from the last trip to the shingle mill. "Skinny Manger asked me to let him drive fur 's th' schoolhouse this mornin'. But he ain't safe with the horses! I wouldn't trust him.

Then his eyes sought the steeple in the valley and he added. "I guess all of us that's worked on the church is kind of glad t' see *that* up

A week before this supreme event Sardias Shepherd, Superintendent of the Sunday school, hailed Ezra from the post-office steps and said

"You've been selected as one of the ushers to seat the people at the services, Ezra

It was something to drive a double team and do a man's work—but to be chosen to act as usher at the Dedication! This honor had never winged his most ambitious dreams As he walked homeward to carry these marvelous tidings, his feet were treading the soft new carpet of the church aisle instead of the narrow footpath, and he was showing strange men and women, dressed in fine clothes, to their seats in the pews. Clothes! The word cast a cloud of doubts over his bright expectations. His best suit was scarcely fit for Sunday-school, to say nothing of the Dedication in which he would be before the eyes of a vast congregation

Pride and fear both found their way into his voice as he entered the sitting-room and told of the honor that had been offered him, ending his narrative with the depressing qualification

But my clothes ain't fit, an' I guess I'll have to give it up; won't I, Ma?"

Aunt Pomilla, who had come to help out on the new rag carpet, snapped her thread with a decisive jerk.

No! I haven't churned butter all summer for nothing. You shall have a good suit, one that will be appropriate for the occasion!

Acts rather than words were characteristic of this aunt, who had been carefully educated in a select female seminary and whose "butter money" was reckoned among the substantial cash assets of the town. Dropping her ball of rags she disappeared into the spare bedroom, returning with the red morocco pocketbook which had always stood in Ezra's eyes as the symbol of unlimited worldly wealth

"There," she exclaimed, stiffly thrusting a ten-dollar note and two silver dollars into the boy's hands; "that'll buy the cloth and making for as good a suit as any boy in *this* town will wear to the Dedication. I always intended to do something substantial by you

October never coined a more golden day than that which gladdened the pilgrims who journeyed to the Dedication from every village and settlement of the county, and even from "the city."

And he had helped build that church!—had done sixty days' work with Mack and Tige hauling lumber from the Busti sawmill, stone from Ellsworth's gully, sand from Owlsborough and shingles from Ford's Run. It would stand there grand and beautiful, too, for years and years, until he was a grown-up man—and perhaps he would go away and then come back to it and be asked by the Superintendent to "address" the Sunday-school, as Philo Jennings had done when he came from New York last summer

Almost faint with happiness, Ezra went slowly up the stairs and waited for the first-comers to arrive. The deacons of the church preoccupied and solemn with [illegible] brushed hurriedly past [illegible] the audience-room. A moment later Deacon Keth returned, touched the sleeve of Ezra's coat and said

Come into the confer[illegible]room I have something to say to you'

Wondering what new instructions were to be given him and resolving not to forget a word that was told him, Ezra followed his venerable guide to the basement.

"There's been a mistake—a little hasty action on the part of your teacher. It has been decided," he continued, slowly polishing the crown of his silk hat, "that it would be inappropriate to have any but the children of 'professors' officiate at these solemn services. That's the decision of the deacons of this church, so we won't need your help Jimmie Totman will take the right aisle."

Five minutes later a shaking little figure stole through the wood-room and out the back door of the basement. The butternut brown suit hung awkwardly upon his stooped shoulders; the pride of life had suddenly left him, and he was miserably shrunken, wasted, swollen of eye and ashen of face. Scarcely would his nearest companion have recognized in his haunted face and stricken figure a suggestion of the Ezra who had "hauled" for the church and carried the approaching honors of the Dedication upon his erect shoulders with ingenuous pride

Glancing back, as if fearful some dread pursuer were close upon his track, he hesitated for a moment, then fled precipitately to the stall in which Mack and Tige were gnawing the braces of the horse shed. The big bay instantly lowered his velvety nose and pushed it against the tear-wet face of the boy But the caress was not returned, for the sound of an approaching wagon was heard and the brown figure of Ezra slipped quickly through the gap in the shed where the pawing of restless horses had broken out a board

Finally he plunged into his father's sugar bush. There he paused for breath, leaning blindly against the trunk of a friendly maple But the sugar shanty was still a little beyond. He would crawl in there—and never come out again! They would find him some time—after many days, perhaps—and then they would know how cruel it had all been!

But after an hour of wild sobbing on a bed of leaves in the shanty he was still alive! Then his head became strangely light. Into his confused thoughts crept the awful conviction that, in some mysterious way, hopelessly beyond his understanding, his father and mother must be among the lost—for the Deacon had said they were not "professors." And he was lost, too! They were all lost except those who belonged to the church. He saw the crowded seats, the solemn, expectant audience, saw Willie and Jimmie going up and down the aisles spying out seats for the late comers; heard the swelling chords of the organ, the song of the beautiful lady who had come over in the stage, the deep voice of the tall preacher making the opening prayer! And he was cast out, shamed and disgraced—he who had hauled for the church and had been chosen as an usher!

Before the slant beams of the sun threw long shadows from the maples and told of the approaching dusk a new sensation came to the prostrate boy—an inward gnawing. He was not hungry—he knew that, for he was going to die!—but a vision of fried cakes and cookies in the brown jars in the pantry came persistently before his eyes, and with increasing distinctness

Perhaps, after all, it would be better to run away! That would provide an escape from the shame of it all and—perhaps—it might some time, in some way, come out all right. Maybe his father and mother would become converted and join the church, and the Deacon would grow sorry for what he had done. Then he could come back home again. Yes; he would run away!

He moved cautiously to the execution of his plan. The house was very still as he crept silently in at the front door and stole to his chamber. From his shelf-box he took the store of pennies he had saved to buy Christmas presents with. Into a heap in the centre of a big handkerchief he tossed the New Testament his Sunday school teacher had given him, his reward of merit cards, the chunk of gold quartz which Chet had brought from Colorado, his big crystal marble with a white lamb inside, the little buckskin purse from the new teacher, and a keyless padlock he had found—as long ago as he could remember—in the road in front of the shoe-shop.

Tying the corners of the handkerchief together he slipped the bundle upon his arm and went stealthily down the stairway to the pantry. The sight of his mother's sunbonnet hanging upon its nail beside the kitchen door caused his breast to shake with sobs. He might never see her again—never!

Groping in the crocks which held the cookies and doughnuts, he fought savagely against the impulse to give up his plan. But no; he could never bear the shame of facing his companions and all the church people

Suddenly he jumped, dropping the fried cakes and cookies upon the pantry floor. His mother's hand was upon his shoulder and she was saying

"Why, Ezra!"

Then, reading the terror of his upturned face, she led him into the kitchen, where he buried his face in her apron and sobbed out his tale of shame. In the course of its broken recital the father entered, and stood a silent listener. The brown, work-worn hands of the mother stroked the boy's hair until his tempest of sobs subsided and he found breath to confess:

"It—it—made me 'fraid you an' Pa might be in fi-dels, like old Aaron the shoemaker, an' that you was—*lost*

"Your father hain't ever made any regular profession of religion," quickly returned

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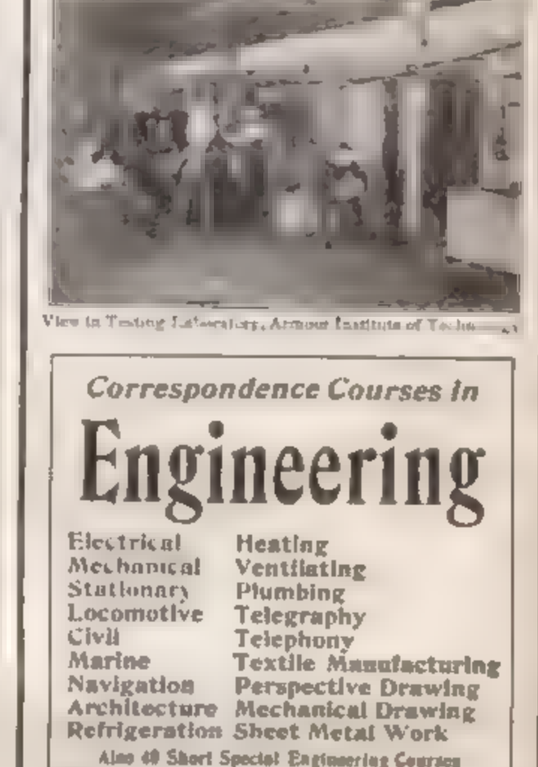

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Ezra's mother, "but he hain't so lost but what he gen'lly remembers to live the Golden Rule. I hain't forgot yet how he took care of Deacon Keth's children through the scarlet fever—never slept out of his clothes for two weeks—an' I sh'd think th' Deacon'd remember that, too!"

That night the father left the comforting of Ezra to the mother. His only remark was "If it's clear to-morrow I'm goin' to go after some squirrels."

Ezra made no reply, asked no questions, but he knew that the squirrel hunt was planned for his pleasure, that he would tramp at his father's side all day long, and that he would be given the best shots with the long rifle.

Before they returned from the hunt, standing on the big rock overlooking the little valley, the father raised his hand, pointed at the straggling herds on the opposite slope and spoke, as if to himself:

"The cattle on a thousand hills are His!"

Then, his eyes still fixed on the dotted hillside, he said:

"A good many of the cruelest things that have been done in this world have been done in the name of religion—but without its spirit!"

In some way which he could not understand, it seemed to Ezra he had never been so near this tall, strong, quiet man before; and they went down the hillside hand in hand. Now, of a certainty, Ezra knew that his father was not numbered among the lost, and all the world seemed strangely safe and peaceful.

Passing through the village they came unexpectedly upon Aunt Pomilla, bearing in her hand the footstool which had rested in her pew since the old church was opened and which had been given a place of honor in the new structure.

"Yes; I'm taking it home, Amos. I guess I know when my toes have been tramped on. I told the old Deacon to-day that the church of the Lord ain't *all* steeple an' bell."

In the twilight, that evening, as the bell in the white steeple gave out its vibrant call for the "special consecration" meeting, Ezra shyly remarked to his mother:

"Sounds nice, don't it?"

And by this token she knew that the boy's peace and pride had been restored.

Letters by the Way

By Charles Battell Loomis

Author of A Man of Putty, Etc.

COMING FROM BOSTON.

Dear Reader: How many funny things do not strike us as being funny simply because we are so used to them. If a hundred years ago a man had told a story of a fellow who chased a dinner-table through the air for forty miles and cut up a piece of meat in one town to put it into his mouth two, three, four miles beyond; whose glass of water while trickling down his twelve inches of throat was moving forward a thousand feet—people would have said it was a fairy story and an amusing one, and some Cruikshank or Rowlandson would have drawn a picture that would have set the world of that time a-laughing. But to-day we begin a dinner in New York and continue it in Pennsylvania, and perhaps come to the dessert in Ohio, and the humor of the thing never strikes us. We know that even if the dinner-table is going through the air at the rate of fifty miles an hour the chair that holds us is able to keep up exactly the same rate of speed without turning a hair, and that the hot soup that leaves the plate at East Smithville and reaches our mouth at Smithville Centre will not have cooled a degree in spite of the rush.

The joke of one generation becomes the solemn fact of the next. I remember seeing in London Punch a generation or so ago—generations slip by me so quickly that I can never be very exact—a picture by Du Maurier showing how people who could not go to the opera might have the opera brought to them by means of the phonograph. It was an amusing conceit—so we thought then—and far enough from the probability to be a joke, but to-day the phonograph is no joke, and there is many a man who does not care for music at all who would willingly pay five dollars for a seat at the Metropolitan if by that means he could forever escape the thin, small voice of the talking machine.

So, too, ten years ago it would have been considered a very good joke if a man had said, "I know a theatre where they compel women to remove their hats." People would have said sarcastically—the men would have been especially sarcastic—"Oh, indeed! Please take us to that theatre so that we may delight our eyes with such an unseen sight as a theatre full of bareheaded women." Of course the man would have been a liar-gentleman and it would have been his form of joke that he was getting off. But to-day there is at least one theatre where it would be no joke for a woman to retain her bonnet after the curtain went up. There are doubtless others, but the theatre which I have in mind is in Boston and the notice on the program reads, "Ladies must remove their hats. Those who do not wish to do so will go to the box-office where their money will be refunded. An usher will remind all women who have neglected to remove their hats."

I may not be quoting exactly, but the spirit is there—and what spirit! Imagine a manager with nerve enough to print such an order. And imagine how proud he must be when he sees the order obeyed night after night. Not a hat in sight. It was grand. I felt like tossing my own hat into the air and crying "Hurrah for the manager!" People used to say the thing couldn't be done, but it *has* been done and a theatre is no longer a milliner's show window. The world do move.

Speaking of jokes, it seems to me that the greatest joke is the Boston Elevated Underground Railroad. A man wants to go to Adams Square from the North Station. He laboriously toils up the stairs to the Elevated the same as he does in New York, and just as he does in New York he immerses himself in his newspaper and is oblivious to everything. Suddenly darkness falls on his page and he looks up in terror. The train has left the glad free air and is in the subway. Before he realizes what has happened the guard calls out the name of the station and he emerges, and in order to get to the city level has to climb up stairs again.

Now in New York there is only one climb and that is at the beginning of the journey, but the Bostonian's motto is ever Excelsior.

And they manage the elevated crowds differently in Boston. People are jammed in at the car end the same as they are in New York, but they are squeezed out at the middle like seeds out of an orange. Still, as they are all moving the same way, there is less friction, and they undoubtedly retain more of their clothing than a New York crowd can possibly do.

I had always heard that Bostonians were readers and that they were loyal to the little band of *littérateurs* who made a crown of glory for the city on the three hills, so it did not surprise me to see a man, evidently a business man, reading Emerson's Essays on a Boston and Cambridge electric. (They call them "electrics" in Boston. They *have* to be different.) I was curious to know something of the history of this typical Bostonian, and so under pretext of asking him whether the car went through to Arlington I entered into conversation with him when he had finished the essay on Self-Reliance and was presumably in a position to look out for himself.

"Pardon my inquisitiveness," said I, "but I could not help seeing the title of your book, and as I am a stranger in Boston it pleased me not a little to learn that Bostonians are really as cultivated as the joke writers would have us believe."

"Oh, yes," said he, "there are cultivated men in all cities."

"Well, can you tell me if it is a general custom for business men to read Emerson on the street cars?"

With great courtesy but with a half concealed smile he said:

"I am not in a position to answer your question as I was never in Boston before. I am a professor in Columbia College and I am on my way to visit my brother, who is a professor in Harvard. I was born and brought up in Jersey City and I never happened to read Emerson until to-day, when I picked up this copy in the Corner Book Store. I see that I have missed an intellectual treat."

I retired, apologizing, and fell to reflecting on the danger of generalizing. It reminded

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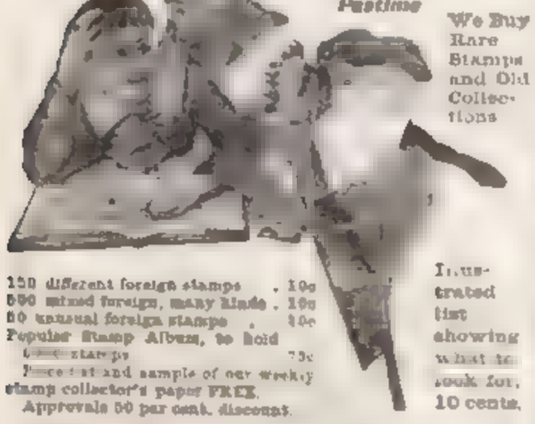

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me of a certain scene I once saw in New York when I was showing a Western friend the sights. We came on a group of children playing in Madison Square. They were not fashionably dressed; in fact their clothing showed signs of great wear, but they did seem to be having a good time and played with abandon

My friend, who is something of a sentimentalist, wiped his eyes and said: "What a typical New York scene! These little children have probably come for the day from out some East Side rookery. The sight of trees and green grass is an unwonted one and to-day they are living. To-night they will go back to their noisome tenements and wish that their whole life could be spent on this breathing spot. Thank God for the city parks. How typical of New York it is. And how preternaturally old the poor little fellows look

It certainly was a New York sight and if snap shotted would have become a permanent one but, impelled by that same curiosity that had led me to speak to the Columbia professor, I went up to one of the children and said, "Johnny, where do you live when you're at home?"

"I live up at Goshen, Connecticut. We're on a picnic to New York. We belong to the First Congregational Sunday-school and the superintendent is paying for the whole thing Ain't he generous? I like this green. It makes me think of the country."

"When did you leave the country?"

"This morning. We go back to-night Been to the aquarium and the theatre and rode on the elevated cars, but I like this best because it's like home"

"A bit of New York!" Taken up bodily out of Connecticut and set down in New York, and my friend thought it a typical group of East Siders, and would probably have written an interesting letter to his home paper on what New York does for its city-ridden children if I hadn't found out the facts.

But it's a heap more interesting as a general thing to accept things at their face value and not go digging for the truth. I have no doubt that the Frenchiest Frenchmen I saw sipping coffee on the Boulevard des Italiens were Russians and Spanish Jews and Western art students. It takes a Kipling to look beneath the surface and grasp the essentials without spoiling the romance——

Oh, dear, we've got to change cars, and I was just warming up. I may write again if I don't hear from you.

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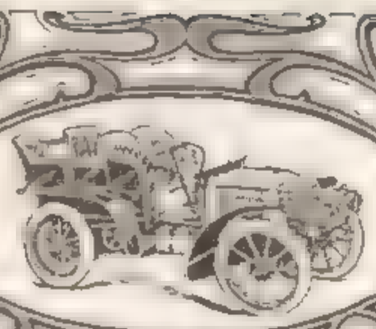

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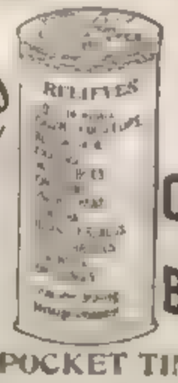

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A Woman's Washington

By The Congressman's Wife

I HAVE been reminded throughout the dying throes of this Fifty-seventh Congress of the old cynic who said that dying was like thunder in two particulars: because we are alarmed at the sound of it and afraid of the symptoms that go before it; and this dying of the Fifty-seventh Congress is certainly very like thunder both in its symptoms and its sounds. I have listened for days from the gallery to a whole chamber full of men, all talking apparently against time and eternity, until I have become convinced of the truth that no wild beast is more to be dreaded than the man who is a spendthrift with his tongue. Truly, the tribulations of the Senate majority are an edifying spectacle, and as I have gazed down upon the devious ways of our legislators and have seen their deadlocked determination over Statehood and heard their deadlocked dentals about the Trust telegrams, for some of their number have been going around with an air of "You-can't-search-me-if-you-want-to," I have felt that I was in sore danger of meeting the fate of the man who died of laughing at seeing a monkey trying to pull off a pair of his boots.

The galleries around the Senate during these days have been a perfect flower garden filled with choice sprigs of the smart set, and I have been much afraid that Mr. Frye would call us all to order. There has been such a chattering going on that I have seen him raise his gavel once or twice as he glanced up our way. Robert and Senator P—— have come up every day for a time, and even the new Member of the House has borne us company, and they have brought the gossip of the cloakrooms and lobbies with them.

When all three of them joined us on one occasion the new Member whispered to me:

"This deadlock over the Omnibus bill with its two factions reminds me of a game we used to play when I was a boy. We used to duck our heads in a bucket of water and dare each other to stay under the longest."

"These two fighting factions remind me more," said I, "of the two parts of a pair of scissors that cut up everything that comes between without hurting each other in the least. It has been a liberal education to see the methods of Senators in getting into this fight. Some have been so amiable and ponderous with their opinions tacked to their tongues just as a notice might be tacked to a church door, and others have fought pugnaciously and insistently. If I were a politician I'd be a fighter, and when a great battle was over I'd be counted with the dead and not with the missing."

"Well," said Senator P—— dryly, in an undertone, "if this Omnibus bill is not disposed of pretty soon there won't be an intelligible tongue left among us. Frye is so worn out with it, and with announcing day after day that this bill is before the Senate as unfinished business, that he cannot now pronounce 'Omnibus' to save his life, and it is about all he can do not to call it 'Om'nous' bill."

This produced an audible ripple among us, and instantly the doorkeeper left his perch above and came down the gallery steps, looking for the offenders and saying, "No demonstration is permitted."

We subsided and gave our attention to the debate below. Senator X—— was talking. He had been talking for three days. He was gesticulating and riding up and down on his tiptoes with the rhythm of his words. The Democratic side of the chamber was almost deserted; even Cherokee Strip looked lonely. Across the middle aisle Senator Stewart and his opposite neighbor, Senator Berry, had swung their chairs, and with their newspapers spread out before them completely blocked business in that aisle, while Senator Beveridge and Senator Quay, the leaders of the two factions, were in their seats, silent, alert, like sentinels on picket duty. I whispered to Senator P——

"I should think the real obstructionists in the Senate are Mr. Stewart and Mr. [illegible]. They are spread out over the entire aisle."

"Oh, they are tired to death. We are all tired to death," whispered back the Senator. "We've managed, however, to get a good deal out of this fight in the way of amusement. Some of us were badgering Quay yesterday about this bill, and we told him he was no nearer a vote than he was last week, and a witty Southern Senator said:

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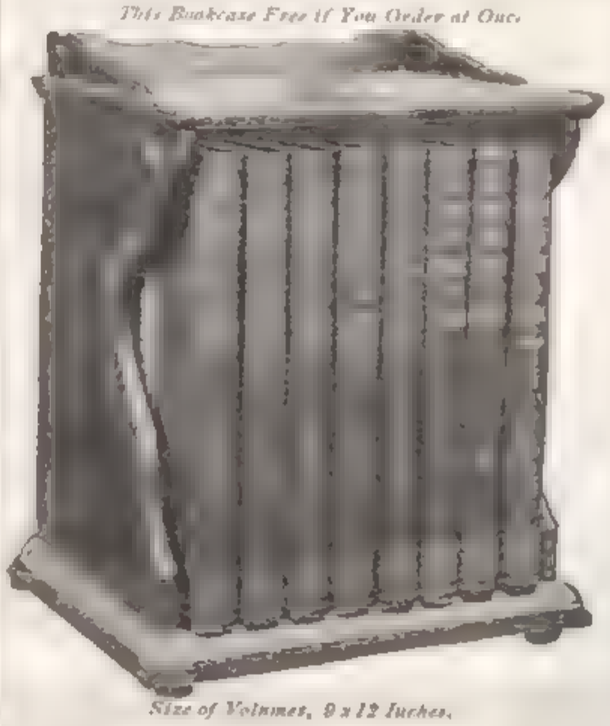

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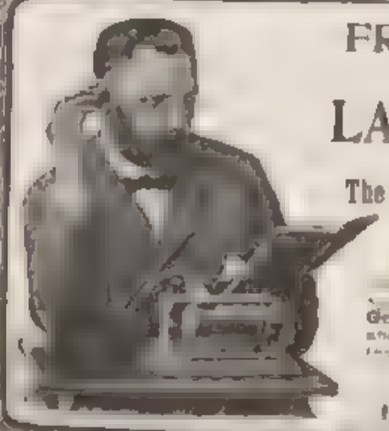

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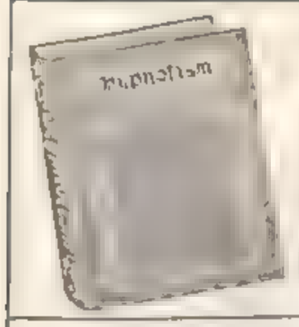

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"'What's the matter, Uncle Hannibal; can't you land him?'

"'Well,' said Uncle Hannibal [illegible] 'I [illegible] whether I'm a-diggin' a fish, or whether that fish is a-diggin'.'"

"Did Mr. Quay see the application?" I whispered.

"Oh, yes; you know it is an old saying that the prosperity of a jest lies in the ear of him who hears, and Quay heard all right and laughed all right," said the Senator.

"By the way," said Robert, "have you happened to hear the masterly way Joe Blackburn has of telling a man that what he says is not true? He took issue with an assertion of a certain Senator the other day, and covered his meaning in the most parliamentary fashion.

"It goes without saying that the truth is [illegible]. And [illegible] Legislature which is keeping two vacant seats [illegible] Blackburn told a good story of his friend, Colonel Chinn, of Kentucky.

"'They ought to have Chinn up in Delaware,' said he; 'he'd settle it. Once when there was a row in our Kentucky Legislature [illegible] some of the legislators so outrageously that they did not know they were out till it was over, and one of the ousted ones said:

"'"Colonel Chinn, I want an explanation as to why I was turned out."

"'"Sir, because you part your hair in the middle."

"'"But, sir," said the ousted one, "why did you turn out my colleague?"

"'"Because he doesn't part his hair in the middle."' [illegible] answer.

"I should have thought," said I, interrupting Robert, "that such a proceeding would have ended with pistols."

"Oh, there was a row and some talk of shooting, but no one was hurt. Blackburn, who is a mighty good story-teller, said that another time Chinn wanted some office, and it was when the silver craze was over all the land. Colonel Chinn made up his mind to take the stump, although he couldn't make a speech to save his life. So he decided he would not let any of his own friends hear his speeches but would talk only to the negroes, [illegible]. About two hundred negroes attended Chinn's meeting. He began a long speech on the tariff, but was finally interrupted:

"'Boss, we don' want no tariff; we wants silver talk.'

"'Oh, all right,' said Chinn cheerfully, 'I know about silver down to the ground. My friends, it's this in a nutshell: The Republicans have got all the jobs, the Jews have got all the gold, but if you darkies and we poor white trash had all the silver we'd soon wipe all the rest off the globe—see?'

"And Blackburn said Colonel Chinn got every negro vote in that community," wound up Robert.

"That speech of Colonel Chinn's," said Senator P—— reminiscently, "recalls a remarkably funny speech over in the House some years ago. A certain North Carolina man, renowned for his humor and for his odd quips and jests, got up one day when things were dull in the House and suddenly launched out into a speech that fairly scintillated with [illegible] phrases and rhetorical effects. He quoted from every English and American poet known, but it was all scraps of nothing under the sun. The House came flocking in from the lobbies to listen, to wonder and to catch on if it could to the reason for it. When the outburst was over, and the House [illegible] from all sides to know what had provoked such a speech and what he had meant.

"'Oh, don't bother about what it meant, gentlemen. I was not talking for the House, but simply for *Buncombe*.'

"Buncombe," explained the Senator, laughing silently at the recollection, "was the man's home county in North Carolina."

"I imagine the House got as much fun out of that speech," said the Member, "as the Supreme Court did last week when our new justice, Justice Holmes, handed down his famous first opinion on the Circus Poster Case.

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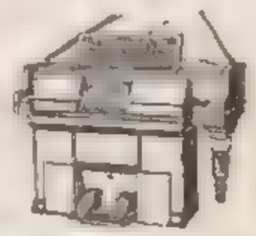

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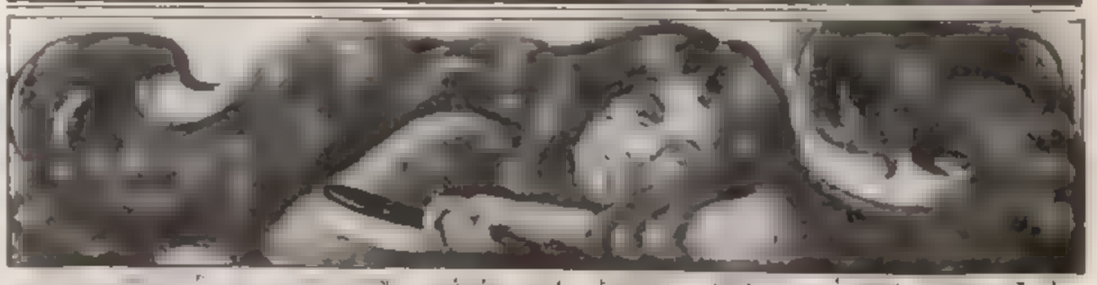

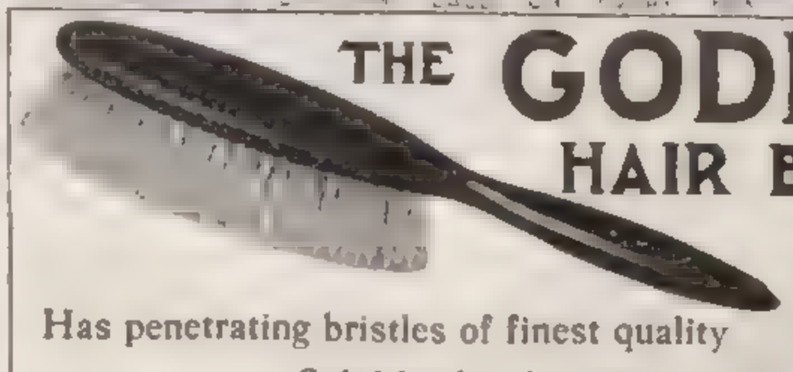

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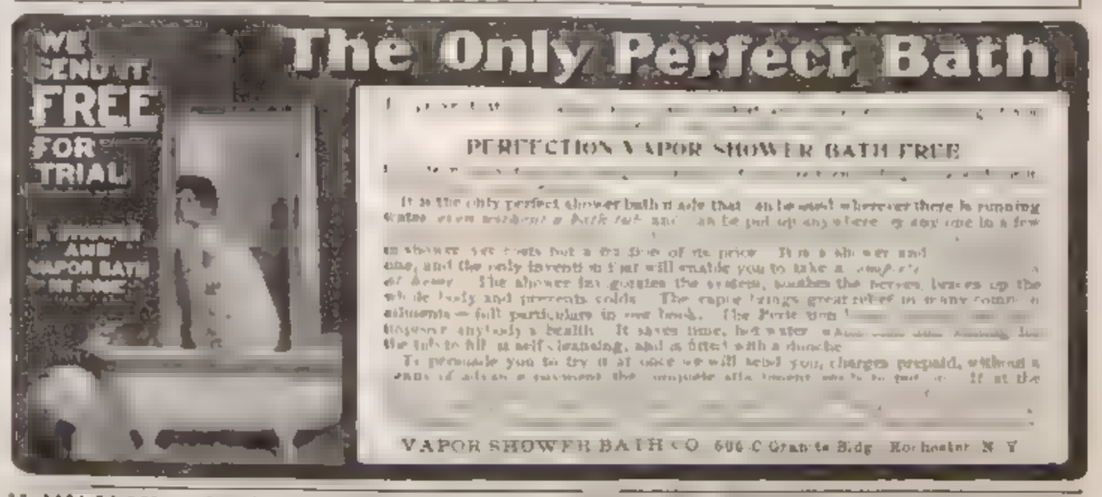

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and quoted Ruskin. He had copies of these posters which were noted at once, and the Justices who occupied their flaring ends with the utmost dignity, amidst the ever impressive quiet which rules in that court. But there was a little girl among the spectators who had not been taken into the account. When she saw those posters and the gravity of the Justices she whispered audibly:

"'Why doesn't some one laugh, mamma?'"

This caused us a smile. Then I asked:

Isn't it odd, the way that Justice Brewer and Justice Brown, of the Supreme Bench, have kept pace with each other all through their careers? They were boys together, they went through Yale College together, they went out West together, they studied law at the same time, they married at the same time, and their names were sent to the President for the Supreme Bench at the same time and for the same vacancy. When this happened and the President was considering their names Justice Brown wrote to the President withdrawing his name and urging the President to appoint his friend, who, he said, 'was the better man.' In consideration of this request the President appointed Justice Brewer, but he had been so impressed by the other's letter that when another vacancy occurred on the Bench he promptly offered it to Justice Brown, and in a short time both men faced each other from opposite ends of the Circle of Justices, and as Justice Brewer put it

Yale College hems in the Supreme Court.

"I hear," said Robert, "that the whole Bench was quite indignant not long since because some one dubbed one of their decisions as 'The last guess of the Supreme Court.'

"'Pshaw,'" said Senator P—— decisively, "the Supreme Court is the strongest, highest expression of judicial thought that this or any other country is ever likely to hear expounded."

"By the way," said the new Member, "I was up at the new White House offices the other day, and there was a little ripple of fun running around about a recent Cabinet meeting. It seems that the different Secretaries had been unburdening themselves of their annoyances, Root and Moody in particular. Moody's pet grievance was the astronomical features of the Naval Observatory, which had been such a fad with Long. He said to the Cabinet:

"'I think the Navy ought to go out of the business of Astronomy. I do not know how to run an Observatory and you will never get a Secretary who does know how, nor an officer who knows how. Now, I should be glad to give the whole thing away to any scientific institution that could run it.'

"It was pointed out to the Secretary that the Naval Observatory had been built up carefully to its present proportions step by step, and that it had cost the Government a million dollars, and possessed a splendid collection of instruments and the best scientific library in the Western Hemisphere, and therefore he'd better hold on to it.

"And Root's particular annoyance on this occasion, barring about twenty others or more, was the case of Miss Taylor, who has taken her case against the War Department for removal into court. Some one was badgering Root and telling him Miss Taylor had dismissed her lawyers and was going to conduct her own case—that she meant to make things hot for the Department. One of the Cabinet said:

"'You'd better turn the case over to the Attorney-General, here, Root.'

"'No, no, you don't,' interposed the Attorney-General; 'Root must get out of that scrape by himself.'

"'Oh,' said Root quickly, 'I wouldn't think of getting Knox into this. This is a case for a *lawyer*.'"

Just then there seemed to be an unusual stir on the floor below. Senator X—— had paused in his talk. Several Senators were on their feet trying to speak. Mr. Frye was pounding with his gavel. I glanced around for an explanation, and there in the middle aisle of the gallery stood the Sergeant at-Arms, bland and determined, looking fixedly at us.

"What does he want?" I asked quickly.

"Oh," laughed Senator P——, "they haven't had a quorum downstairs for the last half-hour and they've just found it out, and we're to be haled before the bar of the Senate. Come along, Slocum, our playtime is over."

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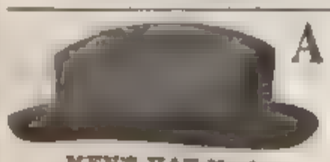

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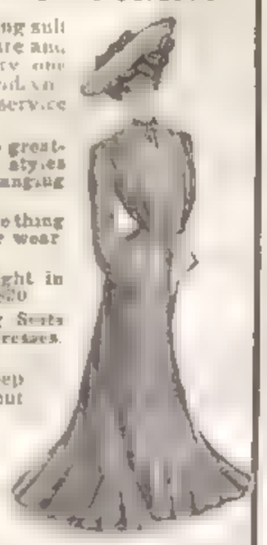

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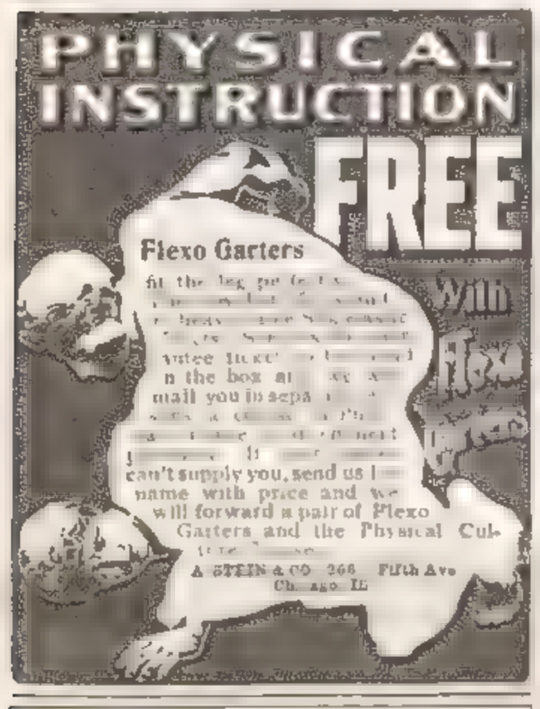

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Photography of Snakes and Other Reptiles

By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt

SNAKES, from their great agility and long, whiplike forms, very often make it extremely difficult for the amateur photographer to keep the entire creature in focus and within the boundary limits of the plate. This applies especially to the smaller forms we commonly run across in our rambles, such as the pretty little summer snakes, one blue and the other green; the garter snake and some few others. Large forms such as the big rattlers, boa constrictors and the like, I have as yet had no experience with, but they will be found easy to photograph when compared with the smaller varieties just mentioned.

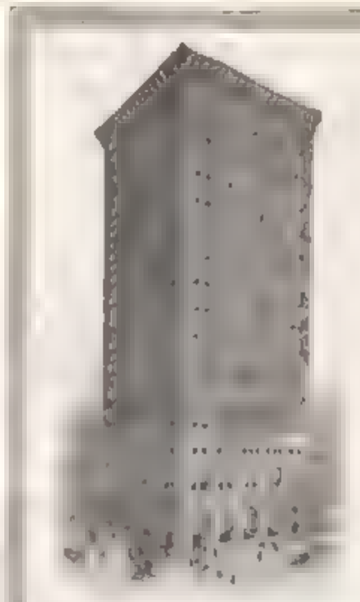
One day I caught a fine specimen of the little green summer snake I speak of and the gentle, delicate little creature was extremely lively. It was only by chance that it was seen [illegible] its entire body was [illegible] of [illegible] 20 wavy curves in a smilax vine having leaves and stems that matched his scaly coat to a fault. After his capture I took all of the smilax needed for a photo [illegible] to my studio where I soon [illegible] with the best part of a dozen fine [illegible] plates before my object was accomplished.

The blotched king snake has made a good picture for me several times, and on one occasion in a sort of a knot in the roughish branches of an old pine tree. He remained so but a moment, however, and then began to uncoil and descend to the ground. He was checked instantaneously by blowing at him, when he drew his head and the fore part of his length back in a beautiful double curve and he was immediately taken in this interesting attitude.

Some of the smaller innoxious serpents are protected by the law of "protective resemblance." Often it is very difficult to discover their presence on the dark soil among the blackish roots and brown crumpled leaves in some swampy fen, amid the sprouting ferns and grasses.

To obtain such a subject, one must cut out the entire sod with a spade, just as it

A LIZARD



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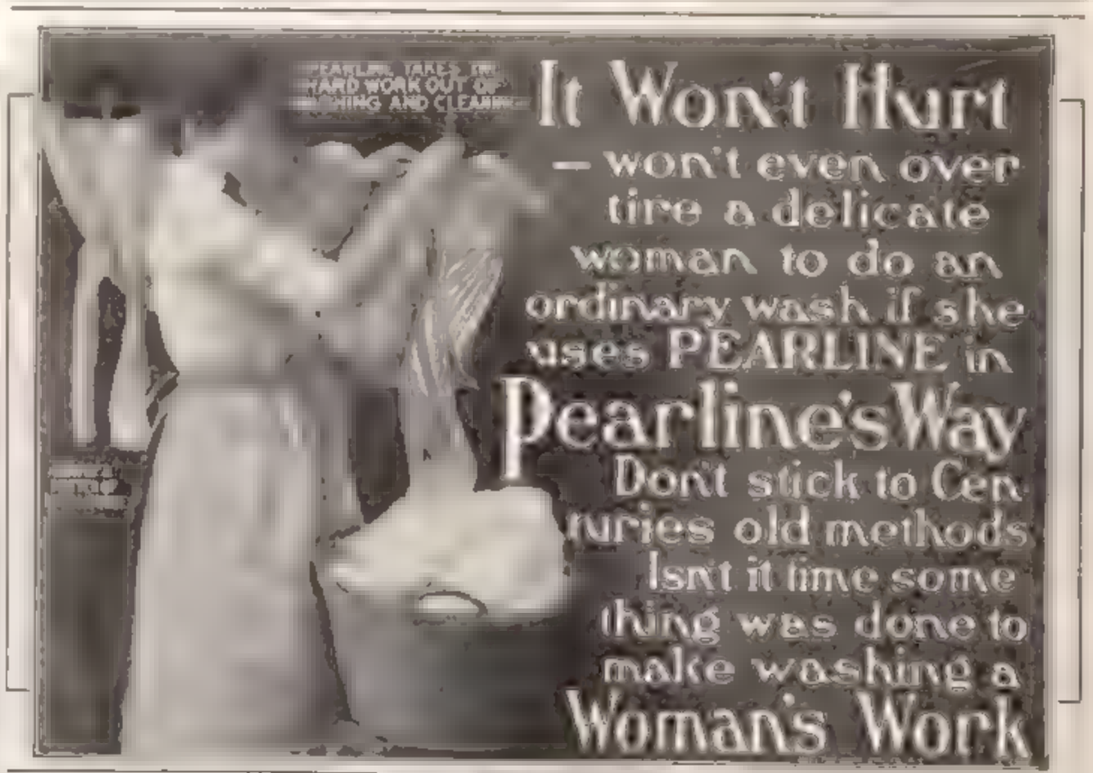

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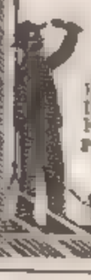

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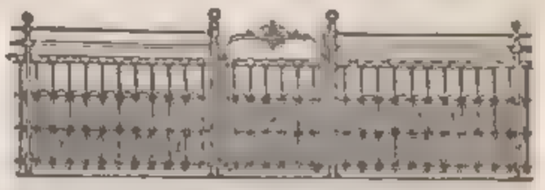

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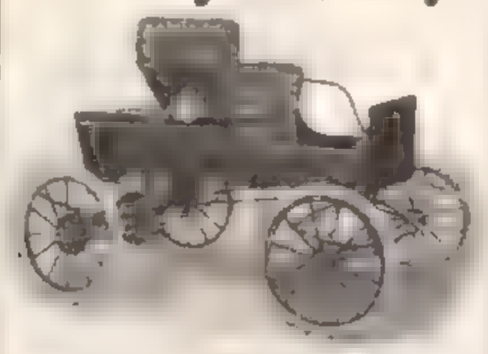

No. 21

Waverley Electric Vehicles

The Waverley Electric Surrey was a feature of the great New York Automobile Show. See February number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, story of Julia Marlowe. The automobile she is pictured in is a "Waverley." Waverley automobiles are the most practical, up-to-date electric vehicles made. Our catalogue "D," just off the press, is yours for the asking.

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THE BLOTCHED KING SNAKE
(DESCENDING FROM A LIMB)

is found, and carry it in a basket to the studio. Here it must be placed upon a stand at a height equal to that of the camera upon its tripod. No great amount of light must be admitted, and, if the snake be quiet, a diaphragm with a very small aperture must be employed, and a long time (three minutes) exposure given

It is all nonsense talking about making "snap-shots" of such subjects. They do not admit of it, nor can one secure the requisite amount of detail if such a procedure be attempted. It is an entirely different matter, of course, if the specimen you desire to photograph is in active movement at the time the exposure is made, but under those circumstances it is a rare thing that one can devote any study to the subject, and it is only a chance that a really valuable and artistic picture [illegible] Now the bullfrog, shown in another picture, was practically an instantaneous picture, because frogs are very difficult subjects to get to stand still, and, everything else being equal, the quicker the exposure made upon them the better

As I have elsewhere stated, of the great number of animal pictures I have taken with the camera, I have as yet never employed a hand camera for the purpose. It is all tripod work, every bit of it, and I think the famous Kearton brothers in England recommend the same plan. In fact, it is the only practical one to be recommended, and the only one in which success can be counted on. One needs, however, the simplest, quickest and, above all things, the most noiseless shutter that has been invented

Attached to the shutter one should use a pneumatic bulb and no less than twelve or fifteen feet of rubber tubing, and by practice and experience learn to handle them under all circumstances.

Photographing a bird on its nest is a good illustrative case demanding such a device. The camera is artfully concealed near the nest and set in readiness to take the picture, while the long tube allows the operator to hide himself at a considerable distance from it. Those in the fashion in these days use the five by-seven plate, but the plate for the purpose here being considered is the five-by-eight size, the additional inch on the long side meaning everything in obtaining long slim forms, such as pikes among fishes, certain types with long tails among reptiles, and a great many others, altogether too numerous to mention

Fully as important as the size of the plate employed is its quality. I now employ for my purpose, with very great satisfaction, isochromatic dry plates, both quick and slow.

The isochromatic plate gives me the ability to produce color definition, though in some subjects this will make little or no difference. Take such difficult subjects to photograph as [illegible] successfully [illegible] with a [illegible] but the [illegible] uniform brown color, so special definition was not required.

[illegible] very [illegible] photograph [illegible] on account of the difficulty of catching them in

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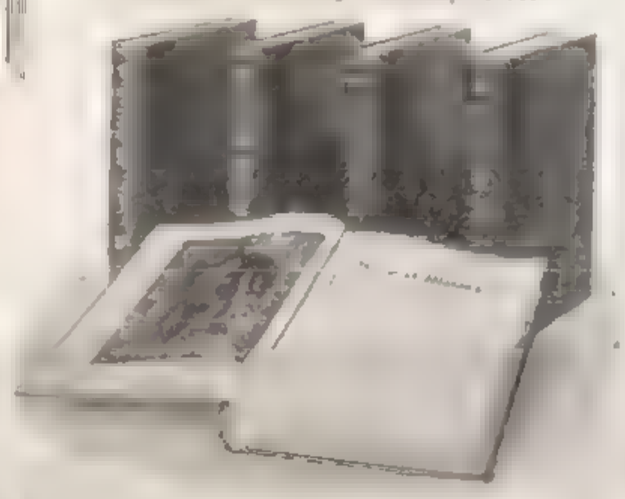

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Through this method I obtained the picture of the triton or newt shown in the accompanying picture [illegible] also photographed crayfish, many species of fishes, and other aquatic forms

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Meanwhile I pointed at the cone with my right forefinger, the arm being extended, with the lizard on the upper side of it opposite the elbow. By gently blowing at him, he was induced to run down my arm and out upon my extended finger, which was several inches removed from the cone. Then I gave a brisk puff and he jumped to the pine branch, when I instantly made the exposure by squeezing the bulb in my other hand, and so got the pretty little chap in the most natural attitude possible

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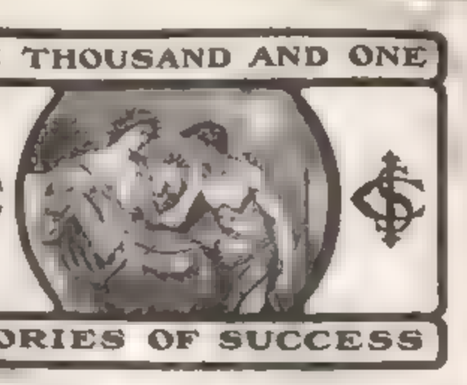

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THE output of fiction never has been so enormous in this country as during the last Christmas holidays. Two significant facts are to be noticed about this flood of novels and short stories.

One is, that the great majority of them are the work of women, and the other is the large number which have been modeled on the lines of some "Big Seller."

Stanley Weyman's Gentleman of France has brought into the market dozens of imaginary legends of the Guadalquiver or the Seine—fantastic dreams which else had perished unborn in the brains of romantic girls and boys. Now that they have made their entrance into the world in cold print they may be called snap-shots of the realm of ancient chivalry. There are the castles, clowns, knights and troubadours, correct in clothes and speech. But yet one feels that the pictures were taken by a Yankee camera—a camera which never had crossed the seas.

As soon, too, as David Harum had set the country in a roar, how many of us scribblers seized our pens to sketch the grim, warty old farmers in Maine or Wyoming with whom we had boarded last summer?

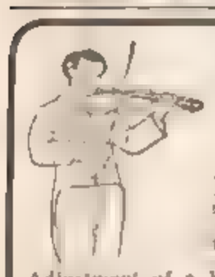
A crop of Colonial stories sprang up, plenty as mushrooms on a sheep-walk, in the track of Mary Johnston's triumphant footsteps. And so on and on.

The breathless haste with which every successful book is imitated in this country has a pitiful significance,. It hints at the countless bright, energetic women who stand hungry in the market-place, eager to earn a livelihood in any decent way. They are as ready to write novels as to speculate in whale-oil, and often know as much of one kind of manufacture as of the other.

Hence many of these little books, red and blue, and gay with dashing figures on the backs, which heap our tables this winter, should perhaps be regarded as mere mouthfuls, meant to satisfy a moment's hunger—the hunger for money in the writer and for amusement in the reader. But, with all, what a flavor they have! The grammar may be faulty, the imitation of their model glaring, wit, pathos and humor may be wholly lacking, but in even the leanest and poorest of them there is a backbone of sincerity. The American woman who writes a book, from Margaret Deland down, invariably gives us something of herself in it, tears out a rib from her own side to make this creature alive which she sends out into the world. It is a singular trait in our women, but they have it. It may partly be due to the fact that they are wide-awake enough to know that the day for factitious lip-talk is past. The world has no time to spare to poseurs or make-believes. It only will listen to words which come blood-stained from the heart.

The Realm of Childhood

The story of Emmy Lou is perhaps the most genuine and delicate bit of humor to be found among recent books. During the last few years there have been many explorers through that unknown, mysterious realm of childhood into which Dickens was the first adventurer. His David and Tiny Tim and Paul Dombey with all their truth and pathos were, after all, only pictures of the child as seen by the adult. Kenneth Graham's immortal Harold is the boy as he remembers himself when he is a grown man. But Madden Martin has gone into the heart of an innocent, dull-witted little girl of six and



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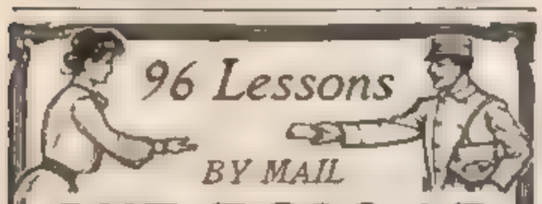

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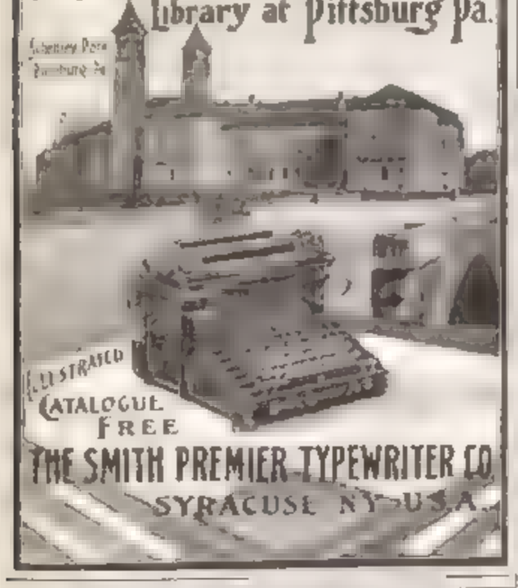

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speaks out of that. She and her public school, her classmates and her thinkings and sayings are commonplace as the grass growing in the sun, but are as foreign and mysterious to us as the life of grass and sun

We all applaud the explorer who opens up a new country in the world to us, be it Thibet or the Arctic regions. But we owe more to the man who shows us for the first time the world as it is seen by living things close at hand. Mrs. Stowe first gave us the negro's view of life, Kipling the wolf's, and now Mrs. Martin that of the little child.

Another book which has greatly puzzled the critics is Barrie's Little White Bird. It sets out to be a wayward, irresponsible flight of fancy—the freakish longings and doings of a lonely old bachelor. Some of these waking dreams are true and fine, and are brought home to us with that wizard touch of genius which gave Thrums to each of us—Thrums and Lizzy and Barrie's mother, possessions in perpetuity for us for all time

But the defect in this book is that Mr Barrie sometimes becomes conscious of his own magic. He summons for the first time into the world the dog that was a boy, out of the dark whence Shakespeare called Caliban, and then stops to look at him with his head on one side and a nod of approval, as though speculating how the new idea will hit the public.

Mr. Barrie is a successful man of business as well as a dreamer of dreams; he has at once the second sight of the Scot, and his eye for a bargain. He shows us both qualities in this book. They mix as badly as common water and holy oil.

A National Exhibit

The majority of the recent books are not so individual as these. They are, as a rule, sketches of the different picturesque phases of American life of to-day seen here and there—a kindly Irishwoman in a slum cowboys, soldiers of fortune, freed plantation slaves, grim New England women, Boer patriots, Doukhobor zealots—whoever and whatever will attract the eye of the public for a moment. It is as though we were invited into a huge photograph gallery, filled with the pictures of notable living folk; heads, half-lengths, full figures The likenesses are usually a little caricatured, but, as a rule, are done with a vigorous and friendly touch.

One feature in this exhibition cannot be passed over in silence—that is, the number of pictures of that class which in foreign galleries are placed in apartments forbidden to young girls. Most of these sketches of life in its rank and brutal phases are the work of women.

We cannot but wonder as we lay one of these books down, what was the purpose of its writer? Not, of course, to help or instruct the public, and certainly not to amuse it There is usually not a gleam of humor or fun in these ill-smelling pages. Can it be that the minds of certain unlucky, unfortunate folk are haunted by these unclean thoughts, by a perpetual consciousness of certain facts in life which even the beasts strive to keep out of sight? Do they want to give them to the public in order that they may rid themselves of them—just as they give the offal of their households to the garbage man to carry away?

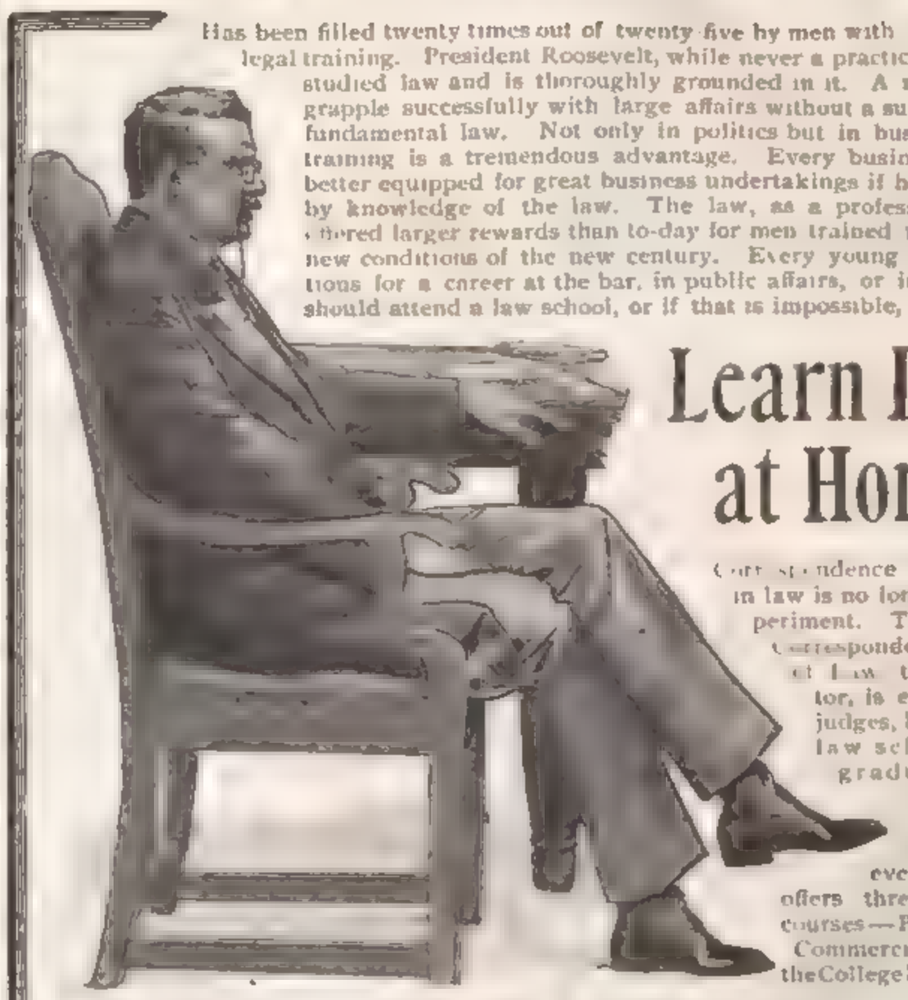
After all, books of fiction are written, as they are read, to satisfy some temporary mental hunger of a people. If we could read consecutively the popular romances of each century in England we should have at the end a clearer idea of the changes in the character of the English people than any history could give us.

Take Fielding, for example. In his novels are all the unconscious brutality, the grossness which never had learned how to blush, the tenderness, the slavish worship of rank which belonged to the middle-class Englishman under the first Georges. It was a day when Lady Blarney, with her rouge and [illegible] rubbed shoulders with the holy, simple old Vicar.

Take Sir Walter, a man whose mind was saturated from boyhood with the history and legends of his little country. His one aim in life was to make them real to the outside world, to force it to do homage, as he did, to the chivalry, the high spiritual life in these cattle thieves, with their cast-iron religion, their bogies and their second sight. It was his one errand in life to exploit this thing, to win recognition for Scotland from the world. "*Ich kann nicht anders*," he might have cried. He gave his message. No country ever owed so much to one man as Scotland to Scott. He brought to life knights and villains, Lowland old wives and Hieland lasses.

The President's Chair

Has been filled twenty times out of twenty-five by men with legal training. President Roosevelt, while never a practicing lawyer, studied law and is thoroughly grounded in it. A man cannot grapple successfully with large affairs without a sure grasp on fundamental law. Not only in politics but in business legal training is a tremendous advantage. Every business man is better equipped for great business undertakings if he is backed by knowledge of the law. The law, as a profession, never offered larger rewards than to-day for men trained to meet the new conditions of the new century. Every young man ambitious for a career at the bar, in public affairs, or in business, should attend a law school, or if that is impossible, should



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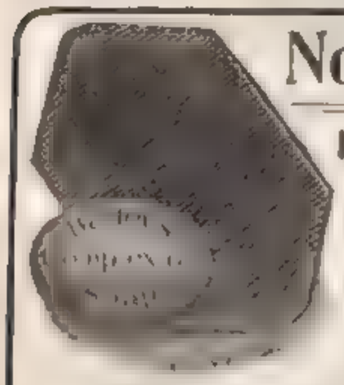

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Next to Scott, Anthony Trollope ranks in English literature as the great historical painter of his own age Trollope, always candid to bluntness, stated in his Autobiography that he was used to write so many pages each day. That was the practice of Byron, of Dickens, of many great masters of English literature. But the modern young literati who write the newspaper reviews, whose ideal author has attacks of inspiration at uncertain periods, when the ichor escapes in whiffs of gusty passion, as in the case of the Delphian oracle, jeer at Trollope and his methodic workaday ways. It is their custom to class him as a poor literary carpenter. In the meanwhile his people remain here in the world, living men and women, to tell the story of their times as no history can do. Whoever wishes to know England in the early Victorian days will learn to love the Duchess, to laugh at Planty Pall, and to take the Archdeacon to his heart of hearts. Barchester is as real a shire to most of us as Devon; the only difference is that we know it better

We need not go over the roll-call of the great English novelists to show that they all had a like purpose, which was to paint the phase of social life which was most familiar to them

The curious point worth notice is that few of the modern American novelists have any such aim. The old magicians of fiction called into life real men and women. Once born they did not die We love or hate Rochester or Becky Sharp or Lady Kew, and gossip about them just as we do about the woman next door. But how many of us have any private opinion concerning the characters in this winter's novels, charming as many of them are? Some of them—notably Mrs. Humphry Ward's books—are bundles of qualities, with not a drop of red blood among them. Or they are lay figures which set forth the author's favorite moral. Or they are a striking *tableau vivant* meant to illustrate some dramatic phase of our modern life.

Mr. Howells' Beef Dinners

Many years ago, when Mr. Howells drew Silas Lapham, we had hopes that he would give us American characters with the fidelity if not the power, of Thackeray or Trollope But the novelist became the champion of realism. He laid down the axiom: No man must paint life except as it actually appears to the naked eye. Unfortunately, Mr. Howells is near-sighted; he has not the eye of the eye He sees a husband and wife, for example, and can tell us of the cut of their clothes, the size of their joint of beef, and the pitter-patter of the guests who eat it with them. Beneath may lie a tragedy as terrible as that of Vashti and Esther. But he cannot see it. He has given us many pleasing domestic pictures of beef and dinner-tables, and never wearies of scolding other men who discover hidden meanings in the feast

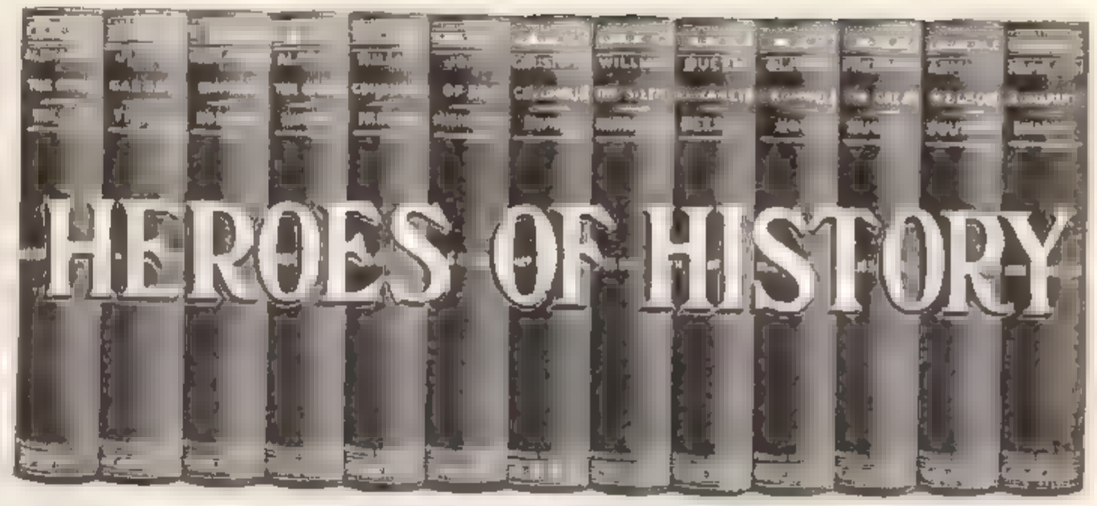
"There is a dinner-table and beef," he reiterates. "I see nothing but a dinner-table and beef; and, therefore, there is nothing else there."

Mr. Henry James in his earlier work drew three or four American men and women, *en silhouette*, it is true, but with startling vividness and vitality. Who can forget the hero of The American, or the father with a leech of a daughter in a short tale called Le Pension du Bon Repas? Of late years Mr. James apparently is convinced that his public demand high-flavored dishes and gives them to them. He is making a fatal mistake One of our shrewdest critics said when Jude the Obscure was published, "The American will not tolerate the literature of the pigsty, and the man who gives it to him insures his own final defeat."

Among the books which are merely photographs of some phase of American life there are many of great power and charm, such as John Fox's glimpses of Kentucky and James Lane Allen's pictures of birds and gardens. His birds and beasts are always of so much higher breeding than his men!

The contribution to the passing literature of the day by our colored fellow-citizens during the last year has been large and has shown much native strength. But why do they follow in the old dusty paths of white romancers?

Their own story is yet to tell. No other is just now so well worth the telling.



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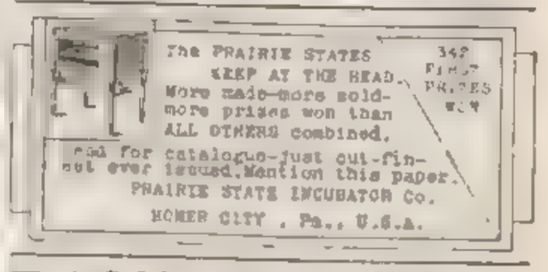
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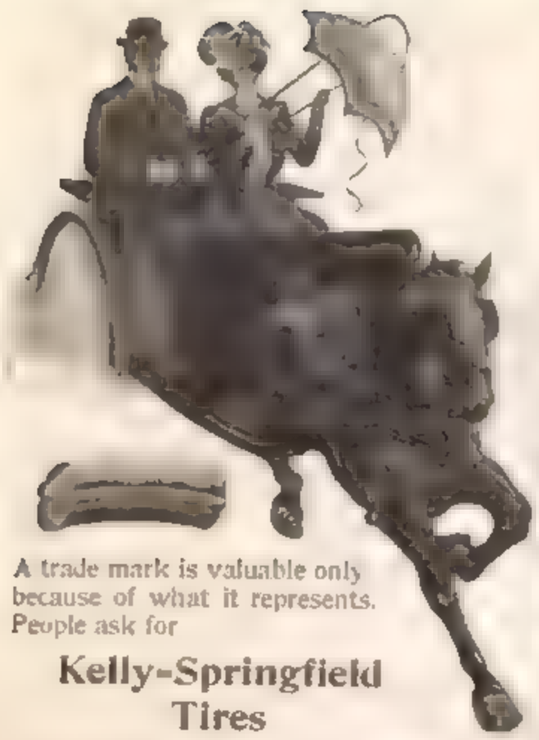

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The Connemara Mare

(Continued from Page 5)

that would have done credit to Othello, received an ovation that confirmed Captain Carteret in his contempt for country audiences. The performance raged to its close in a "cake-walk," to the inspiring strains of Razors a-Flyin' Through de Air, and the curtain fell on what the Emniscar Independent described cryptically as a "*tout ensemble à la conversazione* that was refreshingly unique."

"Five minutes more and I should have had heat apoplexy!" said Mrs. Carteret, hurling her turban across the clerk's room, "but it all went splendidly! Empty that basin out of the window, somebody, and give me the vaseline. The last time I blacked my face it was covered with red spots for a week afterward because I used soap instead of vaseline!"

Rupert Gunning approached Fanny with an open note in his hand

"I've had this from your aunt," he said, handing it to her. It was decorated with sooty thumb-marks, to which Fanny's black claw contributed a fresh batch as she took it, but she read it without a smile.

It was to the effect that the heat of the room had been too much for the elder Misses Fitzroy, and they had therefore gone home, but as Mr. Gunning had to pass their gate perhaps he would be kind enough to drive their niece home

"Oh——" said Fanny, in tones from which dismay was by no means eliminated.

How stupid of Aunt Rachel!"

"I'm afraid there seems no way out of it for you," said Rupert offendedly

A glimpse of their two wrathful black faces in the glass abruptly checked Fanny's desire to say something crushing. At this juncture she would rather have died than laughed.

Burnt cork is not lightly to be removed at the first essay, and when, half an hour later, Fanny Fitz, with a pale and dirty face, stood under the dismal light of the lamp outside the Town Hall, waiting for Mr. Gunning's trap, she had the pleasure of hearing a woman among the loiterers say compassionately:

"God help her, the crayture! She looks like a servant that be bate out with work!"

Mr. Gunning's new cob stood hearkening with flickering ears to the various commotions of the street—she understood them all perfectly well, but her soul being uplifted by reason of oats, she chose to resent them as impertinences. Having tolerated with difficulty the installment of Miss Fitzroy in the trap, she started with a flourish, and pulled hard until clear of the town and its flaring public-houses. On the open road, with nothing more enlivening than the dark hills, half-seen in the light of the rising moon, she settled down. Rupert turned to his silent companion. He had become aware during the evening that something was wrong, and his own sense of injury was frightened into the background.

"What do you think of my new buy?" he said pacifically; "she's a good goer, isn't she?"

"Very," replied Fanny.

Silence again reigned. One or two further attempts at conversation met with equal discouragement. The miles passed by. At length, as the mare slackened to walk up a long hill, Rupert said with a voice that had the shake of pent-up injury:

"I've been wondering what I've done to be put into Coventry like this!"

"I thought you probably wouldn't care to speak to me!" was Fanny's astonishing reply, delivered in tones of ice.

"I!" he stammered, "not care to speak to *you*! You ought to know——"

"Yes, indeed, I do know!" broke in Fanny, passing from the frigid to the torrid zone with characteristic speed, "I know what a *failure* your horse-dealing at the Dublin Show was! I've heard how you bought my mare and had her shot the same night, because you wouldn't take the trouble even to go and look at her after the poor little thing was hurt! Oh! I can't bear even to *think* of it!"

Rupert Gunning remained abjectly and dumfoundedly silent.

"And then," continued Fanny, whirling on to the final point of her indictment, "you pretended to Captain Carteret and me that the horse you had bought was 'a common

THE PUBLISHERS believe that in the publication of "Modern Eloquence" they are adding something of value to the world's literature—a work that traverses entirely new fields. For the first time, the best After-Dinner Speeches, Lectures, Addresses and Anecdotes of the most brilliant men of the present generation (the past fifty years) have been gathered together.

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brute,' *a cob for carting*, and you said the other night that you had made a fool of yourself over it! I didn't know then all about it, but I do now. Captain Carteret heard about it from the dealer in Dublin. Even the dealer said it was a pity you hadn't given the mare a chance!"

"It's all perfectly true," said Rupert in a low voice.

A soft answer, so far from turning away wrath, frequently inflames it.

"Then I think there's no more to be said!" said Fanny hotly.

There was silence. They had reached the top of the hill and the gray mare began to trot.

"Well, there's just one thing I should like to say," said Rupert awkwardly, his breath coming very short; "I couldn't help everything going wrong about the mare. It was just my bad luck. I only bought her to please you. They told me she couldn't get right after the accident. What was the good of my going to look at her? I wanted to cross in the boat with you. Whatever I did I did for you. I would do anything in the world for you——"

It was at this crucial moment that there arose suddenly from the dim gray road in front of them a slightly grayer shadow, a shadow that limped amid the clanking of chains. The Connemara mare, now masquerading as a County Cork cob, asked for nothing better. If it were a ghost she was legitimately entitled to flee from it; if, as was indeed the case, it was a donkey, she made a point of shying at donkeys. She realized that, by a singular stroke of good fortune, the reins were lying in loops on her back.

A snort, a sideways bound, a couple of gleeful kicks on the dashboard, and she was away at full gallop, with one rein under her tail and a pleasant open road before her.

"It's all right!" said Rupert, recovering his balance by a hairbreadth, and feeling in his heart that it was all wrong, "the Craffroe Hill will stop her. Hold on to the rail."

Fanny said nothing. It was, indeed, all that she could do to keep her seat in the trap, with which the rushing road was playing cup and ball; she was, besides, not one of the people who are conversational in emergencies. When an animal, as active and artful as the Connemara mare, is going at some twenty miles an hour, with one of the reins under its tail, endeavors to detach the rein are not much avail, and when the tail is still tender from recent docking, they are a good deal worse than useless. Having twice nearly fallen on his head, Rupert abandoned the attempt and prayed for the long, stiff ascent of the Craffroe Hill.

It came swiftly out of the gray moonlight. At its foot another road forked to the right, instead of facing the hill that led to home and stable, the mare swung into the side road, with one wheel up on the grass, and the cushions slipping from the seat, and Rupert just saving the situation with the left rein that remained to him, said to himself that they were in for a bad business.

For a mile they swung and clattered along it, with the wind striking and splitting against their faces like a cold and tearing stream of water; a light wavered and disappeared across the pallid fields to the left, a group of starveling trees on a hill slid up into the skyline behind it, and at last it seemed as if some touch of self-control, some suggestion of having had enough of the joke, was shortening the mare's grasping stride. The trap pitched more than ever as she came up into the shafts and back into her harness; she twisted suddenly to the left into a narrow lane, cleared the corner by an impossible fluke, and Fanny Fitz was hurled ignominiously on to Rupert Gunning's lap. Long briars and twigs struck them from either side, the trap bumped in craggy ruts and slashed through wide puddles, then reeled irretrievably over a heap of stones and tilted against the low bank to the right.

Without any exact knowledge of how she got there, Fanny found herself on her hands and knees in a clump of bracken on top of the bank; Rupert was already picking himself out of rugs and other jetsam in the field below her, and the mare was proceeding up the lane at a disorderly trot, having jerked the trap on to its legs again from its reclining position.

Fanny was lifted down into the lane; she told him that she was not hurt, but her knees shook, her hands trembled, and the arm that was round her tightened its clasp in silence. When a man is strongly moved by tenderness and anxiety and relief he can say little to make it known; he need not—it is known beyond all telling by the one other person whom it concerns. She felt suddenly that she was safe, that his heart was torn for her

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sake, and that the tension of the last ten minutes had been great. It went through her with a pang, and her head swayed against his arm. In a moment she felt his lips on her hair, on her temple, and the oldest, the most familiar of all words of endearment was spoken at her ear. She recovered herself, but in a new world. She tried to walk on up the lane, but stumbled in the deep ruts and found the supporting arm again ready at need. She did not resist it.

A shrill neigh arose in front of them. The mare had pulled up at a closed gate and was apparently apostrophizing some low farm buildings beyond it. A dog barked hysterically, the door of a cowshed burst open, and a man came out with a lantern.

"Oh, I know now where we are!" cried Fanny wildly; "it's Johnny Connolly's! Oh, Johnny, Johnny Connolly, we've been run away with!"

"For the Lorrud's sake!" responded Johnny Connolly, standing stock-still in his amazement, "is that Miss Fanny?"

"Get hold of the mare," shouted Rupert, "or she'll jump the gate!"

Johnny Connolly advanced, still calling his astonishment, and the mare uttered a low but vehement neigh.

"Ye've deshtroyed Miss Fanny! And Mr. Gunning, the Lord save us! Ye've killed the two o' ye! What happened ye at all? Woa gerrl, woa gerrlie! Ye'd say she knew me, the crayture." The mare was rubbing her dripping face and neck against the farmer's shoulder with hoarse whispering snorts of recognition and pleasure. He held his lantern high to look at her.

"Musha, why wouldn't she know me!" he roared; "sure it's yer own mare, Miss Fanny! 'Tis the Connemara mare I thrained for ye! And may the divil sweep and roast thim that has it told through all the counthry that she was killed!"

The Autobiography of a Beggar

(Concluded from Page 13)

"Git some one ter raise up de tent an' charge a dollar," yells Foxy, dreadful excited. "Git 'er up!"

"It can't be done," yells Crutch.

"Dat rascul ef a circus man spiled our bizness," yells One-armed Jake, "him bein' jealous ef us an' sickin' de Honoluler Queen on de Honoluler King." An' Juke cracks de circus man one wid his good arm an' one wid his wood arm, an' de crowd pitches in ter pull 'em apart, an' I don't know what would have happened only a crowd ef circus peepul comes over de bridge ter help deir side out, fer it was gittin' most terribul.

All I kin rimimber now is dat when some one got orff meh chest an' quit poundin' meh head I looked up an' seen de Honoluler King an' de Honoluler Queen a-goin' home arm in arm, de best friends in all de world, de same ez ef dey had niver been king er queen at all, but jist plain husband an' wife all deir lives.

An' I hollers ter Foxy quick an' tells him what I seen, an' he says, "Ater 'em quick, Mollbuzzer. Ater 'em! We kin git both ef 'em ter travel aroun' wid us under one tent, an' we kin have de best show in de countree. De Honoluler Queen is better en a tiger er a elerphunt. 'Stead ef dancin' we kin let 'em fight. Ater 'em quick, Mollbuzzer."

An' I scoots ater 'em, Foxy jist a little bit ahint meh yellin', "Coax him, Mollbuzzer, coax him; promise him a red silk tent an' a yaller banjo, an' her a diamond bracelet an' a yaller handkerchief."

An' in meh excitemint I didn't notice dat Foxy kep' care ter keep ahint meh an' coax meh ter coax dem, fer when I ketched de Honoluler King he jist grabs meh by de neck an' he says, "Dere's de man what cut meh pants orff an' painted meh red."

"Dat's de man, is it!" yells de Honoluler Queen, a-lookin' at meh sharp; "dat's de same man what called meh names yisterday."

"I got a diamond tent an' a yaller diamond," I started fer ter explain, but dey wouldn't even wait ter hear what I had ter give 'em, but bein' in a hurry he jist took all de coin what I had away from meh, sayin' it was his'n, anyway.

De more I thinks ef de circus bizness, Mr. Anterpolergist, de more I thinks ef Mr. P. T. Barnum, fer how he could keep elerphunts an' tigers an' Honoluler Queens goin' 'round de same ring an' not git hurt hisself is a mysteree ter meh. Maybe he wore Injee-rubber clothes an' had a peculiar kind ef skin.

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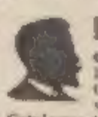

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